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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. I.

A SUNDAY EVENING *SACRED* CONCERT.

ONE recent Sunday evening, as I was walking alone on the undignified side of Broadway, rain began to fall with violence. The circumstances were disagreeable. Novelty of raiment is not such a matter of course with me that I can calmly witness watery injury to the first bloom of my broadcloth. Externally, I was new that evening. When I left home I had fancied myself tolerably radiant and glossy. I took some thought of the morrow, and gazed anxiously around in search of shelter.

Light streamed from a door-way just before me. A bulky poster, splashed all over with notes of admiration, invited entrance and promised entertainment. The rain and an unconquerable instinct impelled me inward. As I passed the threshold a small lad thrust a programme upon me, from which I learned that two sacred concerts, in immediate succession, were to take place, and that the price of admission to both would be thirteen cents.

I distinctly remember asking, in a tone of quiet facetiousness, as I handed over the requisite amount, what course was usually adopted by persons whose musical desires might be limited to a single concert a night? I also remember that the answer betrayed unevenness of temper on the part of the dispenser of tickets. From that moment I remained discreetly silent.

A long and narrow passage, dimly lighted, led to the concert-room. When I entered I thought it wise to assume the careless air of a habitual visitor. As a natural consequence, I exposed myself to ridicule by plunging down two or three unexpected steps near the door-way. Some rude men laughed, and I shrunk, abashed, into a convenient arm-chair.

It was an apartment of odd proportions—too large to be called a chamber, and too small to be called a hall. It had a very attenuated appearance, owing to the great excess of its length over its breadth. It was filled with men and boys, of generally loose deportment, odors of spirituous nature, and smoke. On the whole, the idea of sanctity did not seem to oppressively prevail, nor did the audience appear to be deeply impressed with the seriousness of the occasion. On the contrary, they were talkative, not to say turbulent. Some of them had evidently attained the uppermost ecstasy of imbibition. I noticed a universal tendency toward cocktails, so far as the surrounding adults were concerned; while the minors, as a rule, gave themselves up to a steady flow of lager bier. Cigars circulated freely, irrespective of age.

At one end of the room a stage was erected, and displayed a rural scene of peculiar qualities. There were sun-flowers blossoming from trees with green trunks and blue leaves. There was a river which rose any where and flowed nowhere, and which was inhabited by one duck. There was a horse with a clump of bushes growing out of his back—apparently without incommoding him in the smallest degree, for he stood on two legs and sniffed the air proudly. Over the middle of the stage was painted, in gilded letters, the word "Excelsior," which was sufficiently appropriate, ample opportunity appearing on all sides for the carrying out of that ambitious sentiment. Down below stretched a row of weary foot-lights, principally used by the audience at large for the ignition of cigars. The other decorations of the room were pictures, abundantly disposed about, and not distinguished by reticence of design, and elaborate placards announcing future benefits of the favorites of the establishment.

Through pools redolent of tobacco, and among the intricacies of the loungers' legs, four or five young girls, bewildering in their amplitude of crinoline, threaded their brisk way. Their duty was to respond to bibulous calls, and to absorb as much small change as came within their reach. Occasionally they playfully varied the monotony of their occupation by innocent familiarities with congenial spirits among the audience. A gentleman who sat beside me had his hair twisted into complicated forms, and was otherwise manipulated several times during the evening by these sprightly damsels. It seemed to afford him extreme satisfaction, for on each repetition he invited his gentle tormentress to come down to the store next day and select for herself a new dress at his expense.

There was one young girl who carried around bouquets, vaguely hoping that, in the enthusiasm of ebriety, some liberal-minded patron of the arts might purchase a few, and fling them upon the stage; whence, of course, they would be immediately returned to her, to be again put through the same profitable process as soon as possible. This floral speculatress beamed with an approach to beauty which would have made her an object of interest had it not been for an incessant internal irritation of the nose, which demanded constant attention at the end of her finger. Pardon the relation of the nasal fact; I put it as delicately as I can.

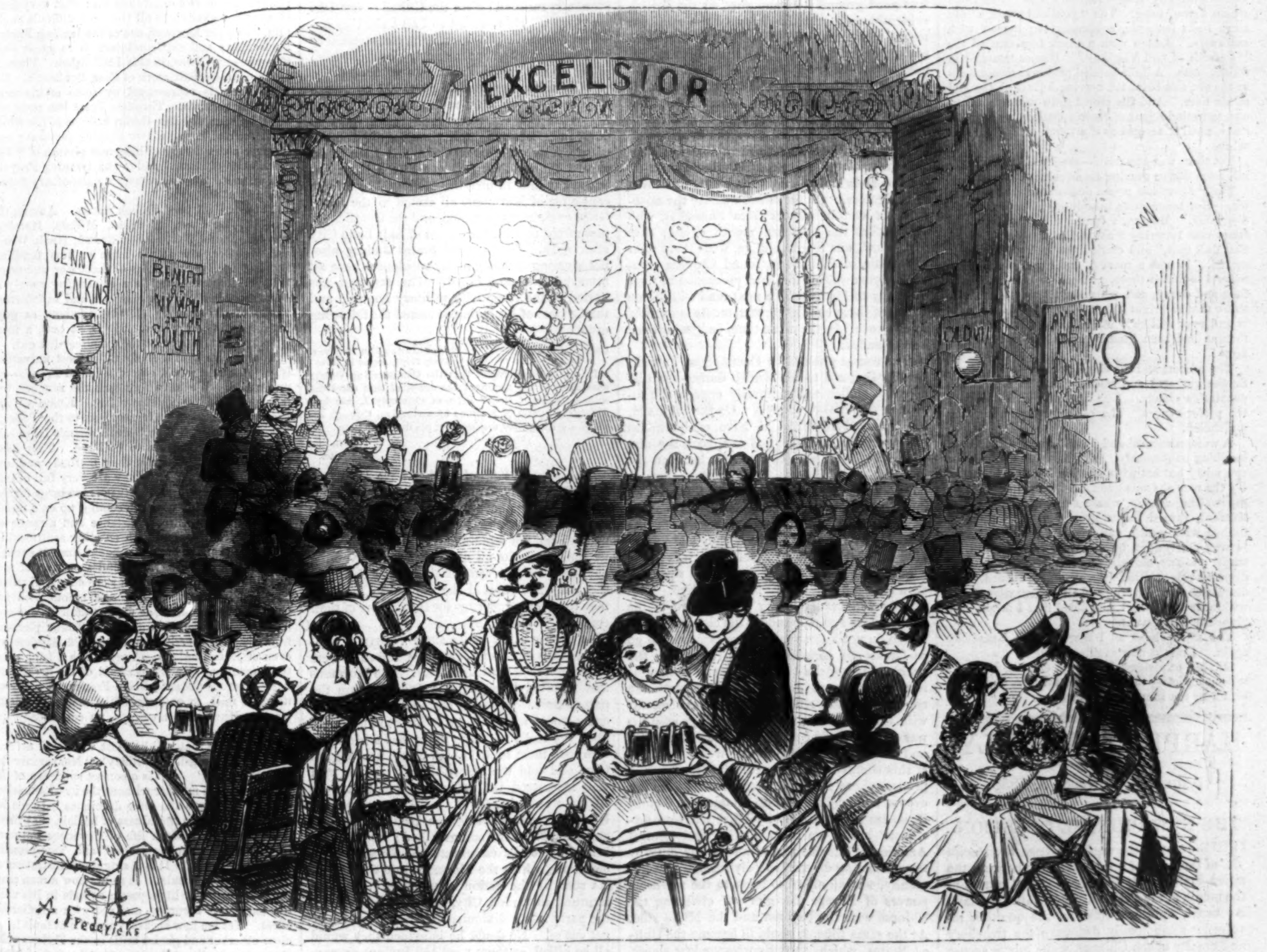
Gathering together some fragments of conversation near at hand, I learned that the first concert of the evening was over, and that the second was about to begin. Not to be taken by surprise, I examined the programme. It was a pleasant document. The list of impending performers, in glorified big type, was calculated to excite anticipation. It was a cosmopolitan array. France, Germany, Italy, Ireland, and the land of the free and the home of the brave, were all represented. There was Miss Julia Jenkins, "the American *prima donna*," who led the list. Other names followed, variously swathed in swelling adjectives. There was Miss Fanny Farmer, "the queen of song;" and Miss Lizzie Schwöze, "the fascinating danseuse;" her sister Matilda, "the youthful prodigy;" Mademoiselle Leonora, "the Sylph of the South;" Signor Richards, "operatic vocalist;" and others lost to memory. The order of entertainment involved a singular succession of sacred exercises, among which Ethiopian jigs and feats of juggling were prominent.

A bell tinkled, and the orchestra appeared. It consisted of a piano-forte and a violin. Another tinkle, and the concert opened.

The overture was a hornpipe.

The opening chorus was a jig for voices.

Then the "operatic vocalist" discoursed of the reallums of love beyond the sky. His appearance was stern and his manner intense. His general effect, particularly as regarded costume, was thrilling. There were stripes like snakes running



A BROADWAY SUNDAY SACRED CONCERT IN NEW YORK.

all down the legs of his trowsers and up his coat-collar. He was given to gesticulation, and was encored for his energy. A gentleman who followed him, having studied the causes of the "operatic vocalist's" success, essayed imitation, but failed, by reason of having only one arm, which brought jeers upon him.

The "Sylph of the South" floated in through the foggy atmosphere, and was welcomed with personal and highly-colored compliments. She bore with her the American flag on a sharp stick, which she stuck into the middle of the stage, and ambulated around it. She courtesied to it, and she folded it in her arms, and wreathed herself sinuously all over it. Then she skipped away a little distance, and pointed her toe at it. Then she suddenly lost sight of it, and gave symptoms of distress, and ran eagerly about, looking in obscure corners for it, shaking her head dismally the while. Finally she discovered it by the luckiest accident in the world, grasped it with delight, turned around five times, and ran off. It was quite a poem. The audience instantly drank up all its liquor, in order to pound an encore on the tables with the empty tumblers. Then the "Sylph of the South" did it all over again.

She was not personally alluring. She was shaggy as to hair, and physically deficient. Her stockings did flap like loose sails against their masts on a breezeless day. Her dancing, it struck me, was not provocative of delirium, but she was the "Sylph of the South," and she was honored.

A young man gave illustrations of the styles of Messrs. Forrest, Kean, Macready, and Anderson, and revealed the fact that nature had, in the matter of voice and manner, endowed those eminent persons with precise similarity. Here the audience was critical and rebellious. The small boys first cackled, then exploded.

"Ain't he vociferous?" said one.

"Give him some gin to get his voice up!" said another.

"Wake me up when he goes!" said a third.

"Ah, now, do soak up!" said a fourth.

Thus persecuted, the young man exerted himself, spoke feelingly to the "most noble Decembers of Rome"—looking at the small boys all the time—and entreated them not to "draw their daggers from their scaffolds." It was, however, unavailing, and the young man was obliged to retire, crushed.

The proceedings of the sacred concert were then suspended until an old gentleman who had succumbed to sundry cocktails could be got out. As his friends eliminated him, he called for a lamp-post, by which to keep himself erect, and grew very angry because it was not brought to him at once. In the excitement of this operation the stage-door was opened, and the "Sylph of the South" and the "queen of song" were seen sitting on stools, disheveled, their minds intent upon a mug of porter.

The concert then went on, with services more or less — generally less — sacred. The "American *prima donna*" sang. The "youthful prodigy" did some light fantastic, accompanying herself with castanets. A man with a black face exuded the "Essence of Old Virginny." Banjos twanged in dulcet tones. A light-handed professor tossed balls in the air, and balanced carving-knives on the end of his nose. And the crowd grew more tumultuous, more indulgent of their appetites, more fugacious, until it seemed as if a touch of Bedlam had set in.

Yet there was one relief—one jewel in the dunghill—one flower wasting its sweetness.

The "American *prima donna*" could not sing a bit. Her tones came tumbling out promiscuous, disjointed. But such tones! Her voice sometimes rose towering "above the smoke and stir of that dull spot," and carried the soul with it as it soared. It was a marvel, and, more than all, a marvel to find it there. There, to be sure, it will fade and decay, and none shall know of it. To think that so bright a light should be hidden, as it is and ever will be! Ah! Miss Julia Jenkins, if fortune had been kinder you might have won a fame!

The concert and the clamor progressed together. Smoke gathered and settled about in almost impenetrable clouds. The hum of voices deadened the performances. The calls for liquid luxuries multiplied.

A woman entered and passed among the throng, laughing boisterously. Her face was flushed, her eye misty but not with emotion, her step insecure. By the men she was greeted with loud cordiality; the waiting-women, whose sense of decency was shocked, turned backs upon her. At this she flashed with wrath, and a scene was threatened. It was determined by some that she was an intruder; others, chivalrously inspired by potations, disputed this position. An argument ensued. The discussion waxed warm, and all present were drawn within its vortex. I concluded that I might with propriety withdraw.

The stars shone as I stepped into Broadway again. I might now saunter spotless.

Having experienced a sacred concert, I confess to some curiosity to know what a secular one would be, under the same management.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

THE NEW CHINESE QUESTION.

THE event of the week has been the receipt of the news of a fresh collision between the allied French and English and the Chinese at the mouth of the Pei-ho River on 25th June last. As usual, opinions differ on the question involved: some loudly denounce the treachery and cruelty of the Chinese, while others accuse the English of wrong-headedness and a wanton disregard of Chinese rights. The admirable letter which we publish in another column will enable our readers to master the facts of the case.

It seems that early in the month of June the ministers of France, Great Britain, and the United States left Shanghai for the mouth of the Pei-ho, which river they proposed to ascend as far as Pekin, to ratify last year's treaty—according to a distinct understanding which was had at the time the treaty was signed. It is alleged that before leaving Shanghai Chinese Commissioners warned Mr. Bruce, the British Minister, that he would not be permitted to ascend the Pei-ho with armed vessels. Be this as it may, this was not the ground on which the subsequent resistance of the Chinese was based.

On arriving at the mouth of the river, on June 18, the English found it strongly barred with rows of iron stakes and chains. The Admiral landed an officer and demanded the removal of these stakes, in order that he might ascend the river in compliance with the treaty of 1858. To this the Chinese replied, that foreigners could not be suffered to ascend this branch of the Pei-ho; that there was another mouth, many miles to the north, where they would find Chinese officers of rank waiting to escort them to the presence of the Emperor; and that if the English attempted—as the Admiral threatened to do—to remove the stakes, the forts would fire on them. To this answer the Admiral's response was that, if the stakes were not removed on 25th, he would take them up at his own risk. They were not removed. He did begin to raise them. A terrible battle ensued, in which the Chinese won a complete victory, and the British, after a vain attempt to storm the forts, were driven back with a loss of nearly one-half their force.

Now it is evident that the right or wrong of this proceeding depends upon a matter of fact. The Chinese have the right to designate the channel by which foreigners may proceed to Pekin; and, provided that channel be safe and practicable, foreigners are bound to take it, and have no right to choose any other. If, therefore, there be another mouth of the Pei-ho north of the Gulf of Pechele—if that mouth be navigable—and if there really were Chinese envoys waiting there for the arrival of the European and American ministers, Mr. Bruce and Admiral Hope will prove to have committed a blunder which can hardly be too severely punished. If, on the other hand, there be no other practicable exit to the Pei-ho, or if such other mouth be unknown to the pilots whom the foreign squadrons can engage—if, in short, there was good ground for supposing, as the British evidently did, that the story of the northern mouth was a mere trick intended to delay and embarrass the foreigners, and to enable the Chinese to evade the fulfillment of their treaty obligation, then Admiral Hope can not be blamed, in a political point of view, however defective his military operations may seem to soldiers.

On the one hand, we have the evidence of our correspondent, an American officer of high standing, to the effect that no other mouth of the Pei-ho is laid down on the charts or known to navigators. On the other, we have the statement of certain writers from Shanghai, who affirm that the northern mouth exists; that Mr. Ward, our representative, went there after the battle of 25th June, found Chinese commissioners awaiting him, and proceeded in their company to Pekin. The next mail will decide which of these conflicting statements is entitled to credence. In the mean time, judgment must be suspended.

The course pursued by Commodore Tatnall, in affording aid to the British during the disastrous conflict, will naturally engage the attention of our Government. On the one hand, the Commodore seems to have compromised the neutrality which it has ever been the aim of the United States to maintain between the belligerents in China. But, on the other, as our correspondent eloquently puts the case, no one with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins could have watched unmoved the massacre of the British in the trap into which they had fallen. Had the Commodore refused his aid, it is pretty certain that not a man of the British squadron then engaged would have returned alive. Humanity will hardly justify any censure of the Commodore's conduct under the circumstances.

We do not know that we are prepared to go as far as our correspondent in censuring the pacific policy of the United States in China. It is not clear to us that the stake is worth the candle; that any results from an American war with China—assuming that a good ground for war exists—could repay us for the cost in men and money which such a war would involve. If this country needs the excitement of war, a proper sphere for such diversions can, at all events, be found much nearer home than China; if we are going to batter civilization into foreigners' heads, we have Mexico and Central America at our doors. If we do our duty by those standing disgraces to civilization and humanity, we can afford to leave to the maritime powers of Europe the glory of civilizing the Chinese with the bayonet and the Minié rifle. At the same time, it would ill become the United States, which, as our correspondent shows, owe so much to the protection of the Europeans in China, even to seem to side against them in the contest they are waging with the most deceitful and treacherous race in the world.

MORE TROUBLE AHEAD IN UTAH.

AFFAIRS in Utah are rapidly approaching a culmination. The following statement of facts, which comes to us from a perfectly reliable source, goes to establish the opinion we have long entertained, that the "Latter Day Saints" are yet destined to give us serious annoyance.

Previous to the advent of the army in Salt Lake Valley, a man by the name of M'Niel was, under some frivolous pretext, arrested and imprisoned by direction of that "father in Israel, Brigham Young," and was kept in durance until within a short time before the army marched into Salt Lake City. M'Niel, who is a Gentile, subsequently brought a suit against Brigham for false imprisonment, laying his damages at $50,000. During the last session of the United States District Court at Salt Lake City this case came up before Judge St. Clair, and M'Niel was summoned to attend. He hesitated about leaving the vicinity of Camp Floyd, believing that his life would be in danger at Salt Lake City, but was finally persuaded to take the risk and go. While in the city he confined himself to his hotel as much as possible; but the night before his case was called he had occasion to go out, and had no sooner placed his feet outside the door than he was attacked and killed by two Mormons. His case was called up the next day, but no one appearing for him, it was dismissed, and thus ended the affair.

But a day or two after this, another case came before the court, wherein a Mormon prosecuted a soldier for assault and battery, the facts leading to which are as follows:

A command was sent into Rush Valley some time since to guard animals that were being herded there; and as there were many depredators in the vicinity, an order was issued, prohibiting citizens from loitering on the military reservation. In defiance of this order a Mormon went there, and when ordered away refused to go, whereupon a sergeant named Pike was directed to eject the intruder. In attempting to execute this order from his commanding officer the sergeant was attacked by the Mormon with an iron pitch-fork, and would probably have been killed had he not defended himself with his musket. The Mormon was hurt during the scuffle, for which the sergeant was tried by the civil authority and acquitted, but was subsequently recalled before the United States District Court. He was sent to Salt Lake City under an escort of eight or ten men, commanded by a lieutenant, who kept the party closely housed, as it was evident an attack was meditated.

They were permitted to go to the court unmolested, but on their return with the United States Marshal and escort the sergeant was shot down in broad daylight, in presence of hundreds of witnesses, who allowed the murderer to escape. The soldiers followed him a short distance, but they in turn were followed by a large concourse of Mormons, all armed to the teeth. Great excitement prevailed, and the Gentiles are now afraid to walk the streets of Salt Lake City after dark. The United States Judges also, not seeming to fancy a city residence, have all removed to Camp Floyd. The sergeant was buried at the camp with military honors; and the Colonel of his regiment issued the following order:

GENERAL ORDERS, } HEAD-QUARTERS 10TH INFANTRY.
No. 63. } Camp Floyd, *August* 16, 1859.

It is with much regret that the Commanding Officer announces to the regiment the death of that excellent soldier, Sergeant Ralph Pike, of Company I, late last night, the victim of Mormon assassination, through revenge for the proper discharge of his duty, etc., etc.

(Signed) C. F. SMITH,
etc., etc.

The atrocious murders that have been perpetrated by the Mormons ever since their advent into Utah have exasperated the Gentiles to such a degree that our correspondent says matters can not remain quiet much longer, and we must look for an outbreak soon. Nothing but the admirable state of discipline existing in the army has enabled the officers to keep the men from taking revenge for the murder of their comrade.

It is only a few weeks since a party of emigrants, *en route* from Iowa to California, were massacred near Salt Lake City. The Mormons first reported it, saying the Indians were the perpetrators. Upon the requisition of the Governor troops were sent out to inflict punishment upon the Indians. The guide was a Mormon, who took them to an Indian camp, near Ogden City, and told the officer those were the men who massacred the emigrants, and that their effects would be found in their possession. Upon this representation an attack was made, and about twenty Indians killed; but nothing belonging to the emigrants was found, except one horse, which the Mormons said was theirs. As soon as the action commenced the guide returned to Ogden City, and said he had led the party into a difficulty they would not easily get out of. No doubt he imagined they would all be killed, as there were 150 Indians occupying a strong position against forty soldiers.

From all the circumstances that have been developed in the history of this transaction there is good reason to believe that it is an outrage of a similar character to that of the Mountain Meadow massacre, and that it will yet be traced directly to the Mormons.

Two women who escaped this bloody tragedy have made oath that their persons were violated by *five white men;* and it is probable they would not, under such circumstances, mistake Indians for white men.

The bodies of two men were found about the same time a short distance from Salt Lake City, both exhibiting evidences of having been brutally murdered, one having his head entirely severed from his body.

Such are a few examples of the bloody outrages that have been perpetrated for years by the Mormons, and, without doubt, under the sanction of their leading men. No one in Utah outside the Mormon Church entertains the least doubt that the Mountain Meadow massacre was the work of these self-styled Latter Day Saints. And when the few children that they permitted to live, because they were supposed to be too young to tell the story, reach their homes in Arkansas—if the people are not aroused to a proper sense of the turpitude of this crime, and do not demand that the authors be brought to justice before an honest tribunal, and not in the way of a farce with a Mormon jury who regard the oath they take to obey the orders of their church leaders as paramount to any other that can be administered by Federal officers, and who will find any verdict that Brigham dictates—if, we repeat, the people of Arkansas do not demand this, they are not the men we have always taken them to be.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PICTURES AT THE ACADEMY ROOMS.

A YEAR or two ago New York made its first intimate acquaintance with the contemporary pictures of England and France. The names of the chief painters and of the new schools and movements were familiar to us; but we did not know the works, nor understand what we heard about the schools. And even yet we have had no opportunity of seeing specimens of the most illustrious of modern English painters, Turner, although there are several of his characteristic works in the city. Unfortunately they are in galleries which are not opened to the public.

The present collection combines works of the French and English painters. Among the former we are sorry not to see the name of Diaz; for no pictures are more sought than his: that very fact, of course, makes them all the more difficult to obtain. Troyon, however, one of the leading French landscapists and cattle-painters, is in great size, if not in great force, in this Exhibition. There is also a characteristic work of Rosa Bonheur's. Edward Frere is represented by some of his most charming pictures. Theodore Frere has some admirable Oriental bits. Gudin has one of his white coast scenes; Gerome, two striking pictures; and Couture a small copy of his great picture of "The Decadence of Rome," and "The Evening Prayer" of a peasant. There is something also of Ary Scheffer's and of Isabey's.

These are all good French names. Among the English, Landseer, Stanfield, Millais, Herring, Ansdell, David Cox, Madox Brown, Hook, Ward, and Webster, are names more or less familiar. Some of the specimens, as of Landseer and Stanfield and Madox Brown, are interesting merely as autographs, not as characteristic and satisfactory works of the artists. Herring is about as good here as he is any where. He is, at best, a mere literalist-Landseer, with the Landseer left out.

The picture that is likely to be most universally popular is a small one of Edward Frere's—already sold. We have forgotten the number, but it represents a little girl cooking. Knaus's "Bohemians giving up their passports to the Police," Brion's "Church Porch," and Troyon's large cattle piece are quite sure to be liked. They have nothing Pre-Raphaelite in their method; and, excepting perhaps the last, they are very full of sentiment. Troyon's great picture is too large for the subject. A string of cattle coming up on a meadow, with a river in the distance and a range of low, obscure hills, and with no other sentiment in the cattle than the brute sentiment, are not enough for so much canvas. The mind soon tires of seeing animals in pictures if they are only well painted; and it is because Landseer paints with his heart and imagination, as well as with his eye and hand, that his animals give a different pleasure from those of Herring, or of the old Snyders, or even of Rosa Bonheur. Troyon has a bold, masterly manner. He is not afraid of the great canvas. But are distant hills in France, on a day of no more mist, so extremely like masses of dingy wool? Have they no shape, no consistency, no substance?

The picture that will be most wondered at, and perhaps little liked, is Halliday's "Measure for the Wedding ring." This is a perfect specimen of the Pre-Raphaelite manner without the Pre-Raphaelite genius. There is the same difference between its literalness and the literalness of Millais, that there is between the modern life of Coventry Patmore in "The Angel in the House" and Tennyson in "Locksley Hall." It is a singular illustration of the power of pigments. It shows how a man may represent a lovely little poetic episode in life with the extremest accuracy, and yet with a ludicrous effect. Yet see how accuracy may be at fault! A close observer and genial critic in the *Tribune* calls the young gentleman's shoes "well-polished high-lows." We had supposed them to be patent leathers. And that is the kind of interest and discussion that this really remarkable picture elicits. But Nemesis is ever present. You can read the title of the poem in the book he has been reading to Elizabeth Jane (we looked to see her name upon her handkerchief, but did not find it), and it is "Locksley Hall"—a poem which fully illustrates the modern spirit of all art, which is undoubtedly Pre-Raphaelite in its truest, not its most technical sense, as in this picture. Yet it is a work well worth careful study. It may help to solve some of the questions involved in the Pre-Raphaelite philosophy and practice.

Another picture of this school will be, perhaps, equally wondered at, but more liked by those who like it at all: "The Stone Breaker," by H. Wallis—an artist whose name is not altogether unfamiliar, but hitherto without especial association. The present work is to us the most impressive of all in the Exhibition. Every thing that is said against it may or may not be true, but since we do not see it to be so, it does not harm the effect. That natural objects can not be harmoniously represented in so high a key—that such metallic green ferns and grasses never grew—that cracked granite or syenite does not look like a heap of precious stones—that the man is not dead, but asleep—that mountains at twilight dividing the sky from the lake that reflects it were never so blue—that a corpse already touched by decay can not possibly be a proper or pleasing subject in a picture—that the work is incongruous, disagreeable, and unnatural—are all things that very accomplished artists and very wise amateurs say, and yet, as you look at the cold splendor of sky, and lake, and mountain—as you mark the universal multitudinous life in fern and brake, in grass and tree, and the pert weasel—as you watch the long-wearied head heavily hanging at last in rest—the huge, swollen hands stiffened after the pick has fallen from their grasp—the dead laborer sitting still in the painful attitude of toil upon the sharp stones, among which that life-long toil has been ceaseless, and in death as in life unnoticed and forgotten, surely that death pleads with you for that life—surely that desolate, dumb figure pierces you with more than eloquence, crying in your soul "Was I not a man and a brother?"

It is this kind of earnest significance—this evidence of faith in ideas, and in the humanity and consequent religiousness of all art—that makes the Pre-Raphaelite school so important. Look at that little head by Millais (No. 148). It is a woman looking at something. She is not beautiful, nor handsome, nor stylish, nor picturesque, nor grotesque; she is not a Madonna, nor a wax doll, nor a French soubrette, nor an Italian princess or peasant; she is only an earnest, eager woman, with all her soul in her face, looking and longing, and not at all conscious that you are looking at her. Taken with the other works of Millais, it shows a real faith in the mind of the artist—faith in the eternal charm of simple human emotion—unassisted in the representation by any tricks of prettiness or association.

You see there is plenty to look at, and talk of, and dispute about in the Gallery of English and French Pictures in Tenth Street. It is quite as interesting, if not as extensive or various, as any Exhibition we have had. Another day we will chat about some of the other pictures—Gerome's "Duel after the Bal Masqué," for instance—and the Freres, and the Knaus, and the "Church Porch."

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Now that the equinoctial is fairly ended, we shall drop down gently through the softest, loveliest days of our year to the Indian Summer. Let us hope we shall not have the usual quarrel about it. Let us hope that every body understands that it does not properly come until the first days of November, or until the trees are fully stripped. Nor does it always come. Some years fall into the winter without that dreamy glimmering of the eye which we know as the Indian Summer.

Why is it that nobody will say why it is called by the French the Summer of St. Martin? Who was Saint Martin, that he should have the sweetest episode of the year named for him? Did his diocese overlap that of Valentine, *Episcopus in partibus amatorum?* Do seed sown in the soft airs of early November—if they be particular seed, and sown in certain places—flower by the Fourteenth of February? In the mild, smoky, tender-aired days that are coming it will not be hard to believe it.

—Just as the Lounger gets so far, and has completely settled the question to his own satisfaction, he receives the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—I sincerely hope you are not going to repeat your annual absurdity about the Indian Summer's coming on the first of November; and I write in time to prevent it. Every well-informed person is aware that it comes at the end of October, or even in the middle, but never so late as November, when all the leaves are off the trees. I do not know where you have lived, or upon what reports you rely, when you persist in your mistake every year. I, myself, know all about it, because I was born in the Indian Summer, and have had all the best opportunities of knowing; and I know that it comes in October. I hope this will be sufficient to settle the question forever in your mind. Why, ask any body. I've always wondered that a person of your apparent tolerable good sense should make such a perfect muddle of this question. Every body knows that the Indian Summer doesn't come in November. There! I hope I have now satisfactorily proved it, even to you.

"Your constant reader,

"Jane Gerett."

FAIRY LAND AT HOME.

There would not, at first sight, seem to be much resemblance between the city of New York and a fairy palace. The Park, for instance, is not a perfectly satisfactory specimen of the bowered delights of garden ground which surround the kiosks of the "Arabian Nights." Chatham Street is not one of those spacious, frescoed, trellised corridors along which pace the Kings and Queens of Faery. The Battery is not an Oriental terrace. Even Broadway is not a passage of splendor. But for all that there is one point in which the great city is fairy-like. There are many, indeed, when you come seriously to consider, but we have now only one in view.

In some one of the child's stories we are told of a wonderful room, from the walls of which, upon proper tapping, flowed streams of precious stones. And in Goethe's "Faust," when Mephisto knocks the paneling, abundant wines gush forth. Has it occurred to you that the city may be tapped, and will answer in like manner? That there is scarcely a thing you can desire, to gratify any sense or taste, that you may not have, if you only know where to go for it? We walk up and down, and every thing curious, and costly, and rare is hidden behind the walls that surround us. We have only to tap with a piece of silver or gold, or even rustle a bit of paper, and the treasures are unrolled before our eyes. The riches of every land and climate, the secrets of the sea, the cunning workmanship of human hands, and the splendors of literature and of all art, are subject to our bidding. Every zone is stored, in its representatives, behind these massive walls; and if you can not tap them with the magical silver or gold, you can taste them with your eye and imagination, can scent all the East in sandal-woods, and explore the South Seas in coral.

If the city were only a mass of brick and mortar and politicians, one's health would require him instantly to go abroad; but if you walk with "eyes and ears open," and consider the streets and shops as thoughtfully as we are told to consider the lilies, you will find yourself moving in a realm of romance.

OUR MR. DOVE.

Mr. Lilyseed was a clever and complete tradesman in the retail dry-goods line. It wanted but a few weeks to the fourth day of a certain January on which most of his manufacturers' bills would have to be paid, that had been drawn for the stock in trade of the clever and complete tradesman. Mr. Lilyseed found himself very rapidly getting into a corner. It was not a corner in which he suffered from the scarcity of money, but a corner in which he had plenty of that coveted article, and wished to keep it. The cloven hoof began to be a little—just a little—apparent in Mr. Lilyseed's little counting-house.

Mr. Lilyseed consulted his lawyer, Mr. Darky. Mr. Darky was not a professional gentleman of any very great moral principle, but he was thoroughly grounded in the etiquette and routine of his business.

"My dear Sir," he said to Mr. Lilyseed, "you must not come to me at this stage of your career and tell me you're in difficulties. I mustn't hear it; I can't hear it; I don't hear it. You are not in difficulties; you are perfectly solvent; but you have a large creditor, a cash creditor, who is pressing you for a considerable sum, and you give him substantial security for his claim."

"But I have no such cred—," Mr. Lilyseed was observing, when Mr. Darky abruptly stopped him. The clever and complete tradesman was only clever and complete in his own peculiar way. In the office of Mr. Darky he was again a child.

"That creditor will press you, if I understand you," returned Mr. Darky, "in the course of the afternoon. You had better see me again upon the matter, the first thing in the morning. Good-day."

Mr. Darky bowed Mr. Lilyseed out with a profusion of nods, and winks, and signs, until the clever and complete tradesman began to see the course it was intended he should adopt. A very little walking brought him back to his counting-house, and a good deal of reflection made him summon Mr. Dove, "Our Mr. Dove," as he was called, his leading shopman, to his presence.

There were several reasons why Our Mr. Dove was sent for. In the first place, he was no relation of Mr. Lilyseed; in the next, he was an extremely mild, feeble, and manageable young man; and in the next place, Mr. Lilyseed was much pressed to find a reliable persecuting cash creditor. Mr. Dove was sounded in the counting-house, was invited to supper, and was spoken to over some midnight whisky-and-water. Mr. Lilyseed consumed cigars and whisky; Mr. Dove was not in the habit of smoking, and preferred a very weak and sweet mixture of wine-and-water.

"If I can do any thing to serve you, Sir," said Our Mr. Dove, in a timid and devoted manner, "you may command me thoroughly. I don't understand these things so well as I ought, because they belong to the counting-house, which is not my department; but I suppose I may rely upon Mr. Darky, your lawyer, to set me right?"

"Undoubtedly," returned Mr. Lilyseed, in a satisfied and pompous tone (he was not only Mr. Dove's master, but he was old enough to be Mr. Dove's father). "Undoubtedly. Have you got a lawyer?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Dove, very modestly, "I never had any occasion for one."

"I thought not," said Mr. Lilyseed, "and I have provided accordingly. If you will step in, the first thing in the morning, to a Mr. Dusky, a professional gentleman, whose place of business is only four doors from Mr. Darky's, at No. 15 in the same row, you can instruct him to sue me for five thousand pounds, debt and interest, and you will find him thoroughly prepared to act upon your instructions."

The next day Our Mr. Dove instructed Mr. Dusky, who returned more instruction than he received. A writ was issued in the case of Dove *versus* Lilyseed. A deed of assignment, a bill of sale, was proposed by Mr. Darky, acting for Mr. Lilyseed, to stop the action. The action was stopped by Mr. Dusky, acting for Mr. Dove, in consideration of Mr. Lilyseed executing this deed, conveying six thousand five hundred pounds in stock and book debts, and paying five hundred pounds in cash to Mr. Dove, within four-and-twenty hours. The margin of two thousand pounds, excess, was left to cover depreciation. An appointment was made to do this, at Mr. Lilyseed's establishment, before half this time had expired. Mr. Lilyseed had obtained the five hundred pounds, with great difficulty, from a client of Mr. Darky's, a retiring capitalist, who advanced upon a substantial deposit of stock to twice the amount. This capitalist did not wish his name to appear, and the whole business was therefore transacted through Mr. Darky.

At eleven o'clock one morning, the two lawyers, Mr. Dusky and Mr. Darky, attended in Mr. Lilyseed's sitting-room to patch up the action of Dove *versus* Lilyseed. The plaintiff and defendant, of course, were both present.

"You are willing," said Mr. Dusky, speaking to his client, Mr. Dove, "to accept the bill of sale for six thousand five hundred pounds in stock in trade (according to the inventory attached), and a cash payment of five hundred pounds, as a satisfaction of your claim against Mr. Lilyseed?"

"Well," replied Our Mr. Dove, who acted his part to perfection, "I really know so little of these matters that I must leave myself entirely in your hands."

"Mr. Darky," said Mr. Dusky, addressing his fellow-lawyer, "will you instruct your client, Mr. Lilyseed, to execute the deed?"

Mr. Darky did as he was requested, and the bill of sale, in favor of Mr. Dove, after a little whispering, a little mumbling, a little pointing, a sound of quill pens scratching upon parchment, and much placing of forefingers upon small red wafers, was duly signed, sealed, and delivered.

A promissory note for five thousand pounds, payable on demand, and bearing Mr. Lilyseed's signature in favor of Mr. Dove, was handed over to the latter gentleman, that he might sign a memorandum and receipt on its back, referring to the deed and the sum of five hundred pounds which was at that moment to be paid.

"Where do I put my name?" asked the mild and feeble Mr. Dove, as he took a very copious dip of ink.

"Immediately under the memorandum," exclaimed the two lawyers, almost simultaneously.

"Here?" again asked Mr. Dove, putting his tongue out of the side of his mouth, like a schoolboy over a writing lesson.

"No, there," observed the lawyers, pettishly, almost guiding his hand to the place, and looking as if they pitied his clumsiness.

"Had I better sign it in full?" asked Mr. Dove.

"As you are called in the deed," they said, pushing that document toward him. "John Henry Dove. The matter's very simple."

"I think I ought to count the money—the five hundred pounds?" said Mr. Dove, still hesitating.

"It's all right, and in my possession," returned Mr. Dusky, peremptorily.

"I ought to count it," persisted Mr. Dove; "we always do so down in the shop."

The two lawyers looked at Mr. Lilyseed.

"Let him count it," said Mr. Lilyseed; "it's only five notes of a hundred each."

The money was handed over to Our Mr. Dove, who seemed to be getting very nervous. He counted it tremulously, and then signed the back of the promissory note in a hurried style of handwriting. After he had done this, he crumpled up the bank-notes and the promissory note, and put them in his trowsers-pocket, while he rolled up the bill of sale, and grasped it like a stick.

"What are you doing?" shouted Mr. Lilyseed and the two lawyers.

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Mr. Dove, exhibiting a tendency to collapse. "I hope I haven't got into trouble. I ought to have consulted my mother."

"Don't be a fool," said Mr. Lilyseed, authoritatively; "give the deed, the money, and the promissory note to Mr. Dusky, and go down to business."

"Oh, I can't do that, Sir, to-day; indeed I can't," replied Our Mr. Dove, excitedly. "I feel quite ill. I must take a turn round the houses, or I won't answer for the consequences."

Mr. Dove was evidently very much worked upon by the occurrence of the morning, and every attempt to deal with him rationally, either on the part of Mr. Lilyseed or the two lawyers, was utterly hopeless. He was left at last in the hands of his employer, simply because no other practicable course presented itself. He persisted in retaining the money and papers; and what was his in theory became his in practice.

During the few weeks left to Mr. Lilyseed to prepare the decks for his intended insolvency the relations of master and servant between him and his head shopman were not disturbed. Mr. Dove attended to his duties the same as usual, while Mr. Lilyseed, as a measure of security, instructed and paid another young man in the establishment to watch him closely, for fear he should dissipate or run away with the five hundred pounds. Mr. Dove, to his credit be it said, showed not the slightest disposition to behave in such an ungrateful manner. He was soft and timid, but he was not dishonest.

The fourth of that particular January arrived at last, and melted very quickly into the fifth. Every bill that bore Mr. Lilyseed's name was sent back unpaid from his banker's, for the very sufficient reason that there was no money lodged to discharge them with. Toward evening a number of London creditors arrived at Mr. Lilyseed's establishment, with consternation depicted on their countenances. The next day and the next brought up the provincial and principal creditors, who were equally alarmed at the prospect of heavy bad debts.

Mr. Lilyseed was not to be seen—he was too unwell to meet his trading connections—and Mr. Dove was put forward to answer all necessary questions. Mr. Lilyseed's affairs were in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. Darky, and Messrs. Nought and Carryone, the distinguished accountants, had received instructions to prepare a balance-sheet.

Before a week had passed, the following notice appeared in the Gazette:

"Lilyseed, Abraham, Downy Road, linen-draper, January 19, at half past twelve, and March 6, at eleven, at the Bankruptcy Court; solicitor, Mr. Darky, Burglarsbury; official assignee, Mr. Loteus, Sackinghall Street."

The balance-sheet that Messrs. Nought and Carryone prepared was a master-piece of figurative art. The materials, it is true, had been supplied by Mr. Lilyseed, or rather Mr. Lilyseed's well-preserved books; but what skill they had shown in grouping these materials! The liberal fee that was paid to them over and above the court allowance was money well laid out to produce a desired result.

Every thing was fully accounted for. Mr. Lilyseed had been more unfortunate than any body supposed. In addition to what he had suffered from the devouring element, he had been largely robbed for years by dishonest servants, without being able to make out a case for prosecution; he had been forged upon, to a large extent, by a heartless nephew, who had fled to the Isle of Thanet, where he was lost in a tornado; and he had had to pay a mass of debts contracted without his knowledge by the extravagant woman whom it was his misfortune to call his wife. His family had suffered much from sickness and feebleness of constitution, and he had often had to pay five hundred pounds a year for change of air and medical expenses. A number of bad debts had been forced upon him by the influence of people among whom and by whom he lived; and he had lost four hundred and fifty pounds at one blow, through accepting an accommodation bill for a man who had saved him from a watery grave when he was quite a boy. The five thousand pounds he had borrowed to extend his business from Mr. Dove (a gentleman who acted as his head manager, but who was connected with some distinguished Irish capitalists) had thus been eaten away, with other property. At the hour when he thought he was, and certainly ought to have been, a substantial tradesman, he awoke to find himself a bankrupt and a beggar. His lawyer also wished to mention (though, of course, it would have no influence with the court) that the unfortunate bankrupt was subject to fits, brought on, no doubt, by the shock of so many fires.

The commissioner, after a little confidential communication with the official assignee, declined to pay much attention to the feeble opposition of certain creditors. He found that all the expenses of the court were secured by the property which the bankrupt had given up (according to the official assignee's report), and that there was a prospect of an early dividend of at least a shilling in the pound. He was obliged to rebuke the bankrupt for accepting an accommodation bill, and also for giving a bill of sale to Mr. Dove so short a period before his bankruptcy; but, having done this in a severe and fatherly manner, he thought the justice of the case was satisfied by granting Mr. Lilyseed an immediate third-class certificate.

Mr. Lilyseed returned to his establishment, hopeful and triumphant, with this new license to trade in his pocket, and the faithful Mr. Dove was there to receive him. He looked round upon his six thousand five hundred pounds' worth of stock that had been so cleverly secured from his creditors, and he looked forward to the five hundred pounds and more in cash, and in Mr. Dove's tenacious keeping.

"We must have the place painted up," said Mr. Lilyseed, addressing Mr. Dove, and at once assuming the position of a master; "and I don't like that slovenly arrangement of stock in the windows."

"While I congratulate you upon your success before the court, Sir," returned Mr. Dove, firmly, "I am afraid that our connection must cease from this moment."

"What!" exclaimed the clever and complete tradesman, "you don't mean to say you want to leave me? I was thinking of a junior partnership for you."

"I'm much obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure," said Mr. Dove, "but I must decline to accept it."

"Well," returned Mr. Lilyseed, resignedly, "you'll credit me with having made the offer? Have you got those bank-notes and documents by you?"

"I have got the documents," replied Mr. Dove, calmly, "but I've disposed of the money."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Mr. Lilyseed, in astonishment.

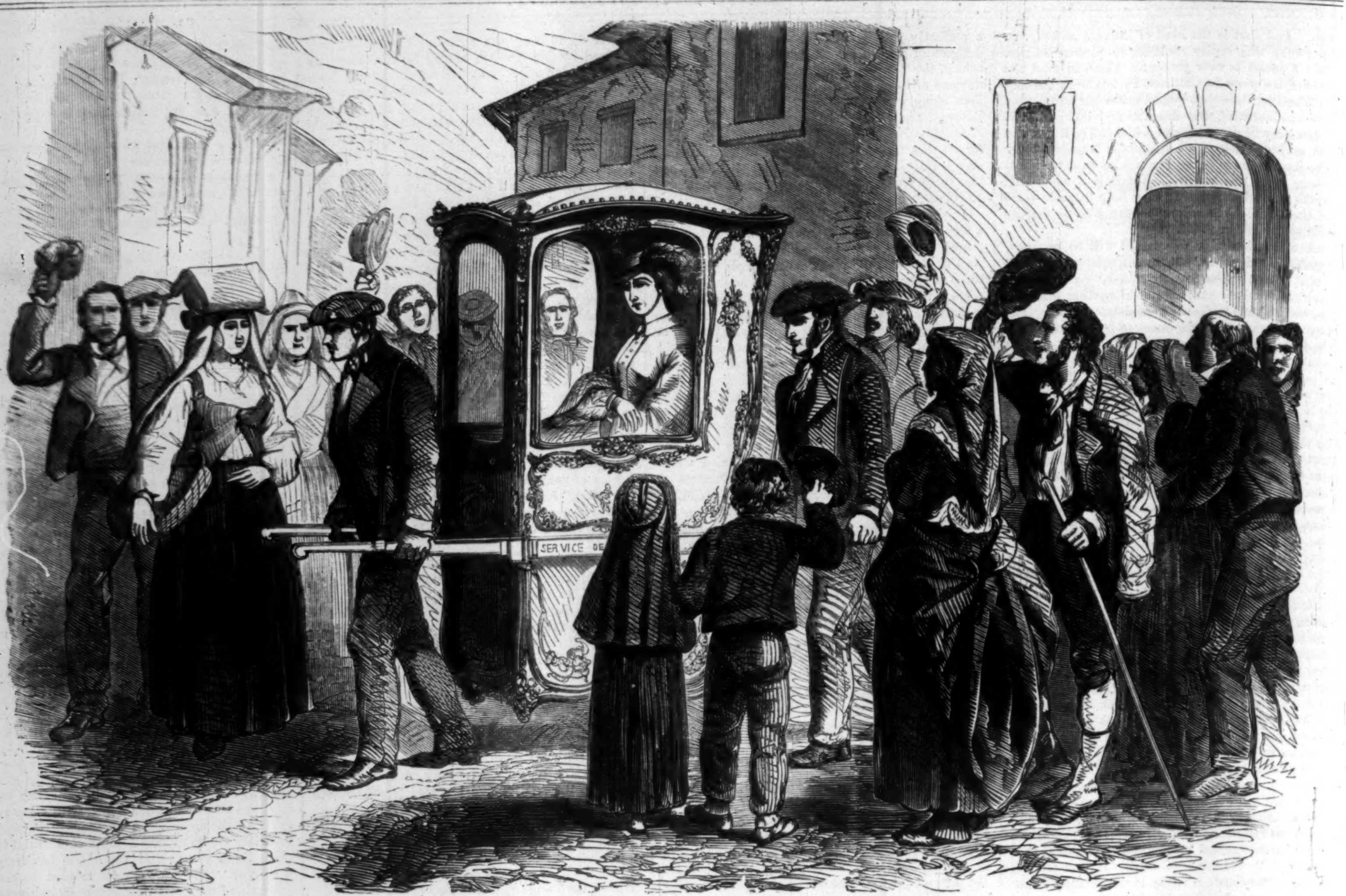
"I've bought back the lease of these premises, which you had mortgaged up to the neck with Mr. Darky's invisible capitalist client, and I've taken the liberty of putting my own name over the door-way."

Mr. Lilyseed was not a fool, and he saw his position. Mr. Dove was not a fool, but a wolf in sheep's clothing. The first gentleman found himself completely turned into the street, for the second gentleman was determined to use all the legal power which the bill of sale gave him.

"I am not wholly unprovided with means," said Mr. Lilyseed, accepting his defeat with great self-command, "if you are disposed to treat for a partnership."

"I think," said Mr. Dove, "we are better apart. You are worthy of something far better than I am prepared to offer."

And so they separated, like prudent traders, each one adopting the course he thought best suited to his worldly welfare. Mr. Lilyseed was heard of, some years after, as a gigantic contractor; but whether Our Mr. Dove was the same Mr. Dove who, about the same time, was heard of as laying the first stone of a gigantic tabernacle, I am not positively prepared to answer.

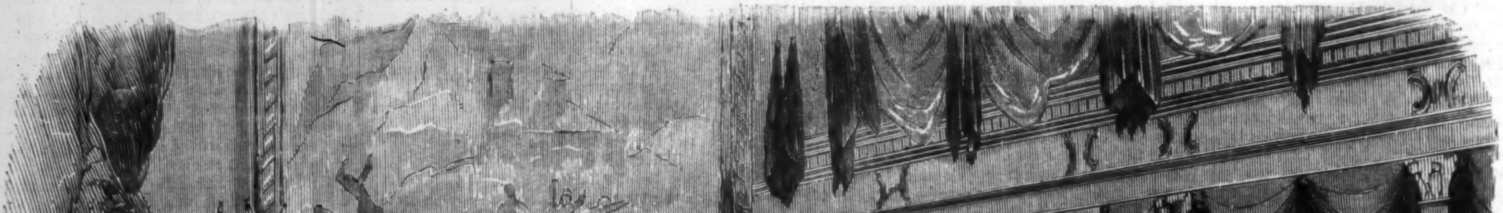


HOW THE FRENCH EMPRESS GOES TO THE BATHS AT ST. SAUVEUR.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS GOING TO THE BATHS.

Pretty, clever, amiable Eugénie, Empress of the French, is so well known among our people, and generally so well liked by the ladies in this country, that we make no apology for reproducing the accompanying engraving. It represents her Majesty on her way to the Baths at St. Sauveur, a little fashionable bathing-place, nestled among the Pyrenees, where the Emperor has latterly spent some leisure time.

She is traveling, after Pyrenean fashion, in a sedan chair, borne by two sturdy porters. Time was when, in the great kingdom of France, ladies of her rank never traveled otherwise; the gossiping chroniclers of the age of Louis Fourteenth always described their noble dames taking the air in their "chairs." Now the vehicle is only used in such places as St. Sauveur, where the roughness



THE TUSCAN ASSEMBLY VOTING THE DOWNFALL OF THE HAPSBURG-LORRAINE DYNASTY.—[See next Page.]

and narrowness of the roads preclude the convenient use of any other conveyance. The Empress's sedan chair was made at Vichy and sent to St. Sauveur expressly for her use: it is of rose-wood richly gilt, lined with white morocco.

The Empress goes to the Baths early in the morning, and dispenses a handsome sum in charities by the way.

THE FINAL OVERTHROW OF THE TUSCAN DYNASTY.

THE accompanying engraving depicts a scene which, already faithfully recorded in the news department of this journal, possesses such historical significance that no paper pretending to illustrate the age in which we live can omit to reproduce it. It is the vote in the free Tuscan Chambers declaring the house of Lorraine forever expelled from the throne of Tuscany. The deputies—chosen by universal suffrage, and freed from all restraint—are, it will be seen, elated at the importance of the duty they perform. The spectators, among whom are many ladies, share the enthusiasm, and with loud huzzas and waving of handkerchiefs testify their hearty acquiescence in the expulsion of a dynasty which had become hateful.

Ever since the extinction of the Florentine Republic Tuscany has been an appendage of the Austrian Empire. The rule was that the eldest son of the Austrian Emperor was heir to the imperial throne, and the second son ruler of Tuscany. The last "second son" who ruled Tuscany under this system was Ferdinand III., son of the Emperor Leopold; he became Grand Duke in 1790, was dismissed by Napoleon in 1799, was restored by the allied sovereigns in 1815, and died in 1824. His son Leopold succeeded him. Him many readers of this paragraph well remember; his courtly figure, his pleasing manners, his affability as he walked in the casino, chatting pleasantly with the Florentines or the strangers he met, his love of art, his secret tyranny—all are well known to those who have traveled in Italy within the past quarter of a century.

There was no inherent dislike of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine among the Florentines. But since 1848 the Grand Duke has shown so little trust in his people and so much trust in Austrian bayonets; the old free laws have been so sadly curtailed, and new principles of despotism have been so imprudently adopted; the taxes have increased so monstrously, and the great works of public improvement projected and commenced by Ferdinand have been so grossly neglected, that the enthusiasm with which the Tuscans voted the downfall of the dynasty can well be understood.

Let us hope that it will be final. It is a landmark in the history of freedom.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LVIII.

CLOUDS AND DARKNESS.

"AT least, Miss Amy—at least, we shall be friends."

Amy Waring could think of nothing else. Her life seemed to have stopped at the moment she heard those words. Sometimes she blamed her dullness in not preventing his saying them. Sometimes she lamented the pride that would not suffer her to explain. But the sudden discovery that Aunt Martha had perceived the secret she hardly owned to herself had so alarmed Amy lest Lawrence Newt should have perceived it too, that she could not help persisting in her assertion that it might sometimes be better for lovers not to marry. It seemed to her that it would serve at least to suggest to Lawrence Newt that, even if he supposed her to love him, he need not necessarily assume that she would marry him the moment he asked her.

Lawrence Newt, on his part, had looked upon her words as the caution of a noble woman who saw that he loved her, but who wished to spare him the pain of hearing that she did not love him.

Perhaps she was not less lovely to him or less dear for that gentle care.

"Well, Aunt Martha," said Amy Waring, several months after the death of old Christopher Burt, "I really think you are coming back to this world again."

The young woman smiled, while the older one busily drove her needle.

"Why," continued Amy, "here is a white collar; and you have actually smiled at least six times in as many months!"

The older woman still said nothing. The old sadness was in her eyes, but it certainly had become more natural—more human, as it were—and the melodramatic gloom in which she had hitherto appeared was certainly less obvious.

"Amy," she said at length, "God leads his erring children through the dark valley, but he does lead them—he does not leave them. I did not know how deeply I had sinned until I heard the young man Summerfield, who came to see me even in this room."

She looked up and about, as if to catch some lingering light upon the wall.

"But, somehow, it was Lawrence Newt's preacher who made me feel that there was hope even for me."

She sewed on quietly.

"I thank God for those two men;—and for one other," she added, after a little pause.

Amy only looked, she did not ask who.

"Lawrence Newt," said Aunt Martha, calmly looking at Amy, "Lawrence Newt, who came to me as a brother comes to a sister, and said, 'Be of good cheer!' Amy, what is the matter with you and Lawrence Newt?"

"How, Aunty?"

"How many months since you met here?"

"It was several months ago, Aunty."

Aunt Martha sat quietly sewing, and after some time said,

"He is no longer a young man."

"But, Aunt Martha, he is not old."

Still sewing, the grave woman looked at the burning cheeks of her younger companion. Amy did not speak.

"Amy, do you love Lawrence Newt?"

There was no reply; but there was a long silence.

"Do you think I have not known it for a long time, Amy; and are you afraid to say what separates you? When you and he went from this room months ago I supposed you would be his wife before now."

Still Amy did not speak. It was not because she was unwilling to confide entirely in Aunt Martha, but there was something she did not wish to say to herself. Yet suddenly, as if lifted upon a calm, irresistible purpose—as a leaf is lifted upon the long swell of the sea—she said, with her heart as quiet as her eyes,

"I do not think Lawrence Newt loves me."

The next moment the poor leaf is lost in the trough of the sea. The next moment Amy Waring's heart beat tumultuously; she felt as if she should fall from her seat. Her eyes were blind with hot tears. Aunt Martha—O tender sensitiveness of woman's heart!—did not look up—did not start or exclaim—but deliberately threaded her needle carefully, and creased her work with her thumb-nail. After a little while, during which the sea was calming itself, she said, slowly—repeating Amy's words syllable by syllable,

"You do not believe Lawrence Newt loves you?"

"No," was the low, firm whisper of reply.

"Whom do you think he loves?"

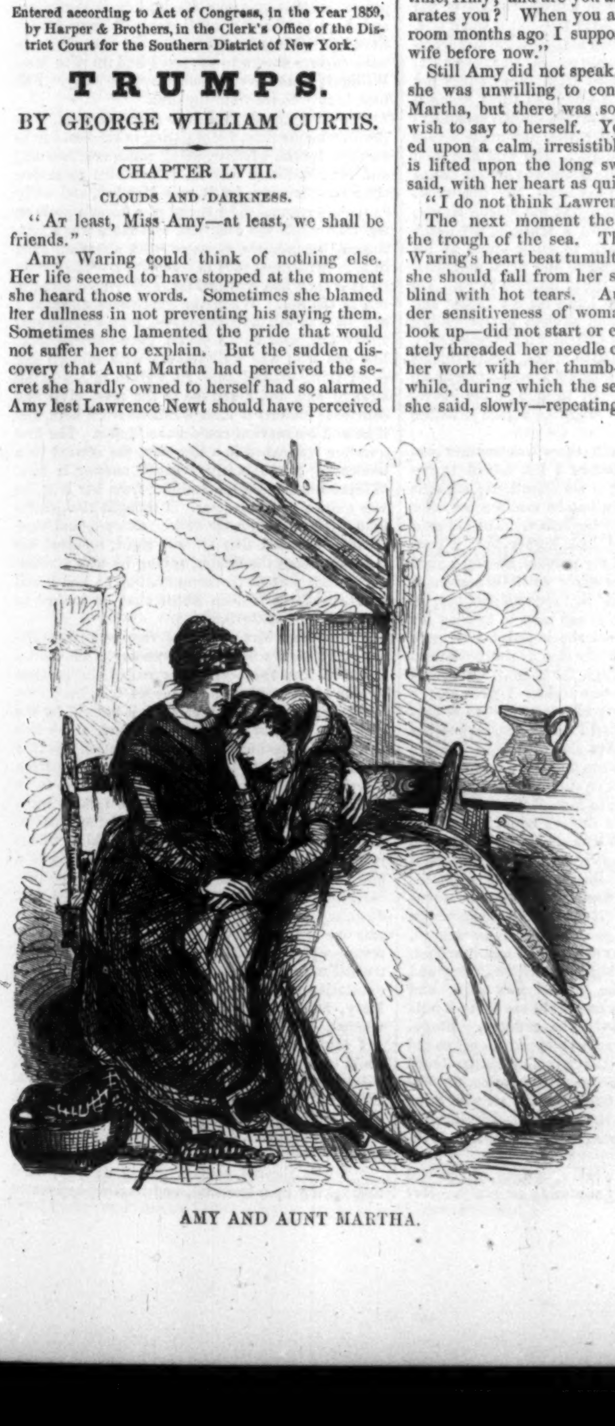
There was an instant of almost deathly stillness in that turbulent heart. For a moment the very sea of feeling seemed to be frozen.

Then, and very slowly, a terrible doubt arose in Amy Waring's mind. Before this conversation every perplexity had resolved itself in the consciousness that somehow it must all come right by-and-by. It had never occurred to her to ask, Does he love any one else? But if he did, then the meaning of his words was plain enough; and so, of course, he did.

Who was it?

Amy knew there was but one person in the world whose name could possibly answer that question.

But had Lawrence Newt not watched with her—and with delight—the progress of Arthur Merlin's feeling for that other?



AMY AND AUNT MARTHA.

Yes; but if, as he watched so closely, he saw and felt how lovely that other was, was it so wonderful that he should love her?

These things flashed through her mind as she sat motionless by Aunt Martha; and she said, with profound tranquillity,

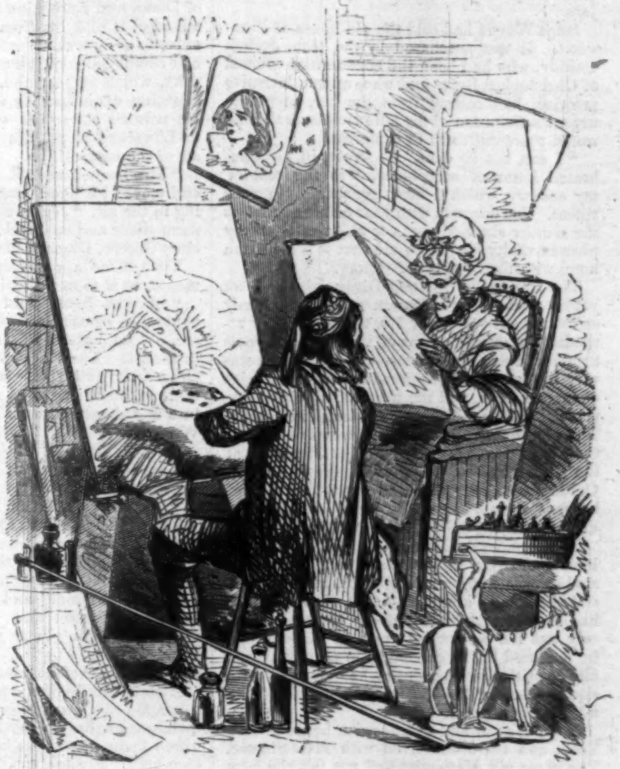
"Very possibly, Hope Wayne."

Aunt Martha did not look up. She seemed to feel that she should see something too sad if she did so; but she asked,

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Perfectly!" answered Amy, quickly.

At this word Aunt Martha did look up, and her eyes met Amy's. Amy Waring burst into tears. Her aunt laid aside her work, and gently put her arms about her niece. She waited until the first full gush of feeling had passed, and then said, tenderly,



AUNT WINNIFRED IN ARTHUR'S STUDIO.

"Amy, it is by the heart that God leads us women to himself. Through love I fell; but through love, in another way, I hope to be restored. Do you really believe he loves Hope Wayne?"

"I don't know," was the low reply.

"I know, Amy."

The two women had risen, and were walking, with their arms clasped around each other, up and down the room. They stopped at the window and looked out. As they did so, their eyes fell simultaneously upon the man of whom they were speaking, who was standing at the back of his lofts, looking up at the window, which was a shrine to him.

"There she stood and smiled at me," he said to himself whenever he looked at it.

As their eyes met, he smiled and waved his hand. With his eyes and head he asked, as when he had first seen her there,

"May I come up?" and he waved his handkerchief.

The two women looked at him. As Amy did so, she felt as if there had been a long and gloomy war; and now, in his eager eyes and waving hand, she saw the illumination and waving flags of victory and peace.

She smiled as she looked and nodded No to him with her head.

But Aunt Martha nodded Yes so vehemently that Lawrence Newt immediately disappeared from his window.

Alarmed at his coming, doubtful of Aunt Martha's intention, Amy Waring suddenly cried, "Oh! Aunt Martha!" and was gone in a moment. Lawrence Newt dashed round, and knocked at the door.

"Come in!"

He rushed into the room. Some sweet suspicion had winged his feet and lightened his heart—but he was not quick enough. He looked eagerly about him.

"She is gone!" said Aunt Martha.

His eager eyes drooped, as if light had gone out of his life also.

"Mr. Newt," said Aunt Martha, "sit down. You have been of the greatest service to me. How can I repay you?"

Lawrence Newt, who had felt during the moment in which he saw Amy at the window, and the other in which he had been hastening to her, that the cloud was about rolling from his life, was confounded by finding that it was an account between Aunt Martha, instead of Amy, and himself that was to be settled.

He bowed in some confusion, but recovering in a moment, he said, courteously,

"I am aware of nothing that you owe me in any way."

"Lawrence Newt," returned the other, solemnly, "you have known my story; you knew the man to whom I supposed myself married; you have known of my child; you have known how long I have been dead to the world and to all my family and friends, and when, by chance, you discovered me, you became as my brother. How many an hour we have sat talking in this room, and how constantly your sympathy has been my support and your wisdom my guide!"

Lawrence Newt, whose face had grown very grave, waved his hand deprecatingly.

"I know, I know," she continued. "Let that remain unsaid. It can not be unforgotten. But I know your secrets too."

They looked at each other.

"You love Amy Waring."

His face became inscrutable, and his eyes were fixed quietly upon hers. She betrayed no embarrassment, but continued,

"Amy Waring loves you."

A sudden light shot into that inscrutable face. The clear eyes were vailed for an instant by an exquisite emotion.

"What separates you?"

There was an authority in the tone of the question which Lawrence Newt found hard to resist. It was an authority natural to such intimate knowledge of the relation of the two persons. But he was so entirely unaccustomed to confide in any body, or to speak of his feelings, that he could not utter a word. He merely looked at Aunt Martha as if he expected her to answer all her own questions and solve every difficulty and doubt.

Meanwhile she had resumed her sewing and was rocking quietly in her chair. Lawrence Newt arose and found his tongue. He bowed in that quaint way which seemed to involve him more closely in himself, and to warn off every body else.

"I prefer to hear that a woman loves me from her own lips."

The tone was perfectly kind and respectful; but Aunt Martha felt that she had been struck dumb.

"I thank you from my heart," Lawrence Newt said to her. And taking her hand, he bent over it and kissed it. She sat looking at him, and at length said,

"Mayn't I do any thing to show my gratitude?"

"You have already done more than I deserve," replied Lawrence Newt. "I must go now. Good-by! God bless you!"

She heard his quick footfalls as he descended the stairs. For a long time the sombre woman sat rocking idly to and fro, holding her work in her hand and with her eyes fixed upon the floor. She did not seem to see clearly, whatever it might be she was looking at. She shook out her work and straightened it, and folded it regularly, and looked at it as if the secret would pop out of the proper angle if she could only find it. Then she creased it and crimped it—still she could not see. Then she took a few stitches slowly, regarding fixedly a corner of the room as if the thought she was in search of was a mouse, and might at any moment run out of his hole and over the floor.

And after all the looking she shook her head intelligently and fell quietly to work as if the mystery were plain enough, saying to herself,

"Why didn't I trust a girl's instinct who loves as Amy does? Of course, she is right. Dear! dear! Of course he loves Hope Wayne."

CHAPTER LIX.

ARTHUR MERLIN'S GREAT PICTURE.

MONTH followed month, and still the cloud that the faithful old book-keeper of Boniface Newt, Son, & Co.'s had seen upon the horizon was growing and growing, but had not yet burst. Somehow—nobody knew how, whatever any body said—the house that had been so long suspected by shrewd financiers like Jacob Van Boozenberg was still apparently flourishing.

The home of the head of the firm was desolate enough. The seasons stole swiftly, silently over it. The sweet face that looked from the upper window grew more womanly through its girlish grace. Grace Plumer had become Mrs. Sligo Moultrie, and the gay girl was a contented wife. At Saratoga, in the summer, she was seen and praised—wearing dresses not so low but that modest girls could look at her without blushing.

Abel Newt—whom May rarely saw at home, for he did not often come to see his mother—already looked like a man of forty, although he was only twenty-five. Still welcome in society, his manner had lost the spring which belongs to the youth of the blood, and was burnished and *blasé*. He gave whist parties at his rooms, at which he played heavily; and he drank copiously of the wine which he offered his guests. His pretty cousin, Laura Magot, had made her match. She had married Mellish Whitloe, with whom she had a perfect understanding; so that their life proceeded without any uncomfortable jars.

Hope Wayne had sold the old house of Pinewood. It was purchased by the Hon. Joshua Quiddy, who had been the confidential counsel of Christopher Burt, and who, after a lucrative practice, had retired from the bar, upon the urgent solicitation of his fellow-citizens that he would represent them in Congress.

"I can not be deaf," he wrote, in his celebrated letter of acceptance, "to the call of my country, which I hear, gentlemen, in your voices. You decorate with your generous praises the slender shaft of my poor abilities until my pleased vanity persuades me that it is a column hung with the trophies of victory."

The Honorable Budlong Dinks, who had not yet been sent upon a foreign mission, zealously cultivated the society of Mr. Quiddy. They attended the examinations of the district-schools together, upon which occasions Mr. Dinks was very impressive in his remarks upon the value of early culture, and the necessity of cherishing principles of humility and self-denial in this life. Then he told the boys that there was not one of them who might not some day be President of the United States; or go to Congress, like Mr. Quiddy, who had been a boy once too; or even be sent upon a foreign mission. But all that depended upon their being good.

The Honorable Joshua Quiddy, who did not look to the boys at the school as if, at any period or under any circumstances, he could possibly have been a boy, said that what his friend had just remarked was perfectly true—that honesty was the best policy; and for his own part he deplored his unworthiness to occupy his exalted position, whose duties he was afraid the slender shaft of his poor abilities could very inadequately support.

Hope Wayne had purchased a house in New York, and there she lived with Mrs. Simcoe. The grave old Methodist had not felt the later touches of Time. She was, as always, tidy, erect, and imperturbable. The girl whom she had nursed was a woman now, and often enough her tranquil eyes were fixed in a singular look of pride, and pleasure, and shadowy pain upon the full splendor of Hope Wayne's beauty. Hope's figure, tall and queenly; her profuse golden hair, rippling and clustering about her head; her dress always simple and rich; the calm sweetness of her candid blue eyes—all these things transparently revealing the maidenly loveliness of soul, were watched by Mrs. Simcoe with a softer light in her own eyes—with a deeper reverence, even, for the Creator of the good and fair.

Amy Waring and Hope Wayne were still fast friends. Could their conversation have been overheard, the listener might have been surprised to discover how often and how much two beautiful women could talk together without discussing men.

It was true that Hope Wayne was too well known to escape the criticisms of society. Although Mr. Burt had been long dead, there was still a vague feeling that something yet remained to be unraveled. Mrs. Cod and Mrs. Dod, of Boston, most accomplished social resurrectionists, held many a curious colloquy upon the graves of the past.

"Why on earth didn't Mrs. Dinks secure Hope Wayne for Alfred?" asked Mrs. Cod of Mrs. Dod.

"I can't for the life of me imagine!" returned Mrs. Dod, fanning herself violently. "Have you ever seen Mrs. Alfred Dinks?"

"No," said Mrs. Cod, with interest.

"Handsome woman!" continued Mrs. Dod, looking with a half smile at Mrs. Cod.

That lady produced the other half of the smile, which fitted exactly; and said, with emphasis,

"You don't mean so! You don't really mean to say that Alfred Dinks was caught for his money? That's too good!"

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Dod. "Oh no! I never heard any body say so. Mrs. Dinks, Junior, is a very smart woman. Her father is said to be very rich. One of those New York merchants, you know."

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Cod, who was always secretly wondering why no young man of proper matrimonial position took a fancy to Miss Selina Cod, and who knew it was not the fault of Miss Selina's mother, "what a world it is!" She smoothed her yellow gloves slowly, finger by finger. "There are some of the barefacedest women in this world. Tut! tut! What a city that New York is! Positively it is getting to be as bad as Paris!"

Mrs. Dod continued the fan exercise, Mrs. Cod smoothed her yellow gloves.

"They say," said Mrs. Dod, "that at the time old Burt's will was opened Fanny Dinks looked livid. I remember that young Baze, who was then in Mr. Quiddy's office, came round the evening after, and said it was the greatest fun in the world to see her. He thought she would eat Hope Wayne before their eyes."

"What'll Hope Wayne do?" asked Mrs. Cod.

"Oh, she'll enjoy having the men after her a little while, I guess," replied Mrs. Dod.

The ladies laughed.

"There's some painter, I hear," said Mrs. Dod.

"There's a Mr. Abel Newt, more likely," said Mrs. Cod.

The ladies laughed again.

"Bless me, how late it is!" said Mrs. Cod. "Good-morning, Mrs. Dod."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Cod."

"I've had such a charming call, Mrs. Dod."

"Oh, Mrs. Cod, you are always so kind!"

"Good-morning."

"*Good*-morning."

And with deprecatory smiles and rustlings and flirtings and bows and bendings the ladies parted.

Arthur Merlin had sketched his great picture of Diana and Endymion a hundred times. He talked of it with his friends and smoked scores of boxes of cigars during the conversations. He had completed what he called the study for the work, which represented, he said, the Goddess alighting upon Latmos while Endymion slept. He pointed out to his companions, especially to Lawrence Newt, the pure antique classical air of the composition.

"You know," he said, as he turned his head and moved his hands over the study as if drawing in the air, "you know it ought somehow to seem silent and cool and remote. For it is ancient Greece, Diana, and midnight. You see?"

Then came a vast cloud of smoke from his mouth, as if to make seeing impossible.

"Oh, yes, I see," said every one of his companions—especially Lawrence Newt, who did see, indeed, but saw only a head of Hope Wayne in a mist. The Endymion, the mountain, the Greece, the antiquity, were all vigorous assumptions of the artist. The study for his great picture was simply an unfinished portrait of Hope Wayne.

Aunt Winnifred, who sometimes came into her nephew's studio, saw the study one day, and exclaimed, sorrowfully,

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur!"

The young man, who was busily mixing colors upon his pallet and humming, as he smoked, "'Tis my delight of a shiny night," turned in dismay, thinking his aunt was suddenly ill.

"My dear aunt!" and he laid down his pallet and ran toward her.

She was sitting in an arm-chair holding the study. Arthur stopped.

"My dear Arthur, now I understand all."

Arthur Merlin was confused. He, perhaps, suspected that his picture of Diana resembled a certain young lady. But how should Aunt Winnifred know it, who, as he supposed, had never seen her? Besides, he felt it was a disagreeable thing, when he was and had been in love with a young lady for a long time, to have his aunt say that she understood all about it. How could she understand all about it? What right has any body to say that she understands all about it? He asked himself the petulant question because he was very sure that he himself did not by any means understand all about it.

"What do you understand, Aunt Winnifred?" demanded Arthur, in a resolute and defiant tone, as if he were fully prepared to deny every thing he was about to hear.

"Yes, yes," continued Aunt Winnifred, musingly, and in a tone of profound sadness, as she still held and contemplated the picture; "yes, yes! I see, I see!"

Arthur was quite vexed.

"Now really, my dear aunt," said he, remonstratingly, "you must be aware that it is not becoming in a woman like you to go on in this way. You ought to explain what you mean," he added, decidedly.

"Well, my poor boy, the hotter you get the surer I am. Don't you see?"

Mr. Merlin did not seem to be in the least pacified by this reply. It was therefore in an indignant tone that he answered:

"Aunt Winnifred, it is not kind in you to come up here and make me lose my time and temper while you sit there coolly and talk in infernal parables!"

"Infernal parables!" cried the lady, in a tone of surprise and horror.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! that comes of not going to church. Infernal Parables! My soul and body, what an awful idea!"

The painter smiled. The contest was too utterly futile. He went slowly back to his easel, and after a few soothing puffs began again to rub his colors upon the pallet. He was humming carelessly once more and putting his brush to the canvas before him, when his aunt remarked,

"There, Arthur! now that you are reasonable, I'll tell you what I meant."

The artist looked over his shoulder and laughed.

"Go on, dear aunt."

"I understand now why you don't go to our church."

It was a remark so totally unexpected that Arthur stopped short and turned quite round.

"What do you mean, Aunt Winnifred?"

"I mean," said she, holding up the study as if to overwhelm him with resistless proof, "I mean, Arthur—and I could cry as I say it—that you are a Roman Catholic."

Aunt Winnifred, who was an exemplary member of the Dutch Reformed Church, or as Arthur gayly called her to her face, a Dutch Deformed Woman, was too simple and sincere in her religious faith to tolerate with equanimity the thought that any one of the name of Merlin should be domiciled in the House of Sin, as she poetically described the Church of Rome.

"Arthur! Arthur! and your father a clergyman! It's too dreadful!"

And the tender-hearted woman burst into tears.

But still weeping, she waved the picture in melancholy confirmation of her assertion. Arthur was amused and perplexed.

"My dear aunt, what has put such a droll idea into your head?"

"Because—because," said Aunt Winnifred, sobbing and wiping her eyes, "because this picture, which you keep locked up so carefully, is a picture of the Holy Virgin. Oh dear! Just to think of it!"

There was a fresh burst of feeling from the honest and affectionate woman, who felt that to be a Roman Catholic was to be visibly sealed and stamped for eternal woe. But there was an answering burst of laughter from Arthur, who staggered to a sofa and lay upon his back shouting until the tears also rolled from his eyes.

His aunt stopped, appalled, and made up her mind that he was not only a Catholic but a madman. Then as Arthur grew more composed, he and his aunt looked at each other for some moments in silence.

"Aunt, you are right. It is the Holy Virgin!"

"Oh! Arthur," she groaned.

"It is my Madonna!"

"Poor boy!" sighed she.

"It is the face I worship."

"Arthur! Arthur!" and his aunt patted her knees slowly with her hands.

"But her name is not Mary."

Aunt Winnifred looked surprised.

"Her name is Diana."

"Diana?" echoed his aunt, as if she were losing her mind. "Oh! I beg your pardon. Then it's only a portrait after all. Yes, yes. Diana who?"

Arthur Merlin curled one foot under him as he sat, and lighting a fresh cigar told Aunt Winnifred the lovely legend of Latmos—talking of Diana and Endymion, and thinking of Hope Wayne and Arthur Merlin.

Aunt Winnifred listened with the utmost interest and patience. Her nephew was really eloquent. Well, well, thought the old lady, if interest in his pursuit makes a great painter, my dear nephew will be a great man. During the course of the story Arthur paused several times, evidently lost in reverie—perhaps tracing the analogy. When he ended there was a moment's silence. Then Aunt Winnifred looked kindly at him, and said:

"Well?"

"Well," said Arthur, as he uncurled his leg, and with a half sigh, as if it were pleasanter to tell old legends of love than to paint modern portraits.

"Is that the whole?"

"That is the whole."

"Well—but Arthur—did she marry him after all?"

Arthur looked wistfully a moment at his aunt.

"Marry him! Bless you, no, Aunt Winnifred. She was a goddess. Goddesses don't marry."

Aunt Winnifred did not answer. Her eyes softened like eyes that see days and things far away—like eyes out of which shines the love of a heart that, under those conditions, would rather not be a goddess.

HOW HARRY DICKSON WON HIS WIFE.

It is just forty-five years since my education was finished at Mrs. Middleton's seminary for young ladies, the most genteel school in our part of Hampshire, where we learned reading, writing, and needle-work, polite behavior, and the country dances. I was seventeen, and the eldest of ten children. My father's farm was but a small one, held on lease from our rich neighbor, Farmer Dickson, the principal man in our parish after the squire. He had two farms leased from him besides my father's, and a large one which he tilled himself, kept a retinue of men and maids, did the best plowing, turned out the finest cattle, and made a vast deal of money by his dairy. His wife had died before I was born, and his house was kept in prime order by the youngest of his aunts, Miss Millwood. He had neither son nor daughter but Master Harry, whom every body thought a sensible, handsome young man, and not half so purse-proud as his father. Being our landlord and next neighbor, Farmer Dickson took a great interest in us. He said the family was too large for my father and mother to manage without advice; but providing for them was their chief difficulty; and when they heard that a distant relation of his, Mrs. Williams of the Golden Sheaf, wanted a well-brought-up girl, not as a servant, but to help in the housekeeping, they thought it might be a good situation for me.

To tell the whole truth, there was another reason for my going. Before I left school Harry Dickson had begun to pay me attentions; not that I encouraged him much, but he would come after me, and it did not please his father. The old man thought his son should look higher than a poor farmer's daughter; and my parents, having a good bit of pride, were just as angry when they came to know it. My father said he hoped no daughter of his would ever tempt a young man to disobey his father. My mother said she hoped I had more spirit than to wish to marry into a family who did not think us good enough for them. Of course my father and mother were right. I gave Harry back his ring, but it was after a good deal of crying. He swore he would never marry another woman though his father should disinherit him; and to let Farmer Dickson and the whole country see that we were not set on trapping his son, it was settled that I should go to Mrs. Williams.

My father went one day to consult her, and when all was agreed he took me and my trunk respectably in the London coach, which then passed through Clatford, our village, and stopped at the Golden Sheaf. For a country inn, the house was large and handsome. It had every convenience of yard and stabling, a good garden, a fine orchard, and some hundred acres of corn and meadow land. It was situated on the high road where Surrey and Hampshire meet. The ground was high, and from its upper windows one could see many a mile along the road and over the country. Stage-coaches and carriers' wagons stopped there; so did the county hunts and the traveling gentry, corn and cattle dealers on their way to London, farmers to and from the market-towns; and all who came or went spoke well of the good housekeeping, the fair dealing, and the general civility of Mrs. Williams.

She was a tall, thin woman, upright, active, and still handsome, though bordering on sixty. Her black hair was but thinly sprinkled with gray. She had a good deal of the gentlewoman in her manner; always wore a black tabinet gown, a tamboured apron, and a cap of Nottingham lace, which was fine enough in those times. But there was something in her look so stern and rigid that it made one careful of one's doings before her. Her story, which we had heard in private from Farmer Dickson, was both sad and singular. She had been brought up in a respectable country inn of the county Cornwall, and married a rich farmer. He left her early a widow, with an only daughter. She managed the farm well, however, and was a prosperous woman. Her daughter grew up a beautiful girl, and the mother's heart was wrapped up in her; but the son and heir of a neighboring squire induced her to elope with him, and marriage into his high family was not to be thought of. Mrs. Williams was a woman of a high spirit, strict and proud. It was said the poor girl never dared let it be known where she lived for fear of her mother, and the squire's son remained abroad. But the old woman would not stand the disgrace; she sold house and farm, left that part of the country, bought the Golden Sheaf, and set herself up where nobody knew her family or history: she had been doing well for many a year.

Stern as she looked, Mrs. Williams was kind to me, and I did my best to please her. There was a good deal of novelty and life to be seen about the inn. I soon got over the parting with my mother and sisters, and was trying hard to think no more of Harry, though I had made up my mind—minds are so easily made up at seventeen—to live unmarried for his sake. Thus the summer wore away, the harvest passed, and the short dull days of November came on. I had got accustomed to the ways of the house. Though good, it was an old one. There was the best kitchen, and the best parlor opening from it; numbers of pantries, closets, and cupboards; and a stair behind the old dresser, leading right up to Mrs. Williams's own room. It was over the porch, and had windows on three sides, which gave her a view of all who came or went. Her accounts were kept there, in an old-fashioned oak desk; so were her choice recipes, and she had them for making every thing. There was a cupboard set in the thick wall, its door not to be distinguished from the rest of the wainscot, in which Mrs. Williams kept the most rare and curious of her stores. I was once permitted to see them, as a great privilege, for she never trusted the key to any hand but her own. There were spices and essences, costly at the time of my story, and not common yet; old china which had been brought by the first of the East India Company's ships; mixtures for taking out stains; powder for destroying moths; and a poison for rats invented long ago by some of the Cornish people, and of such a terrible nature, that if one rat took it all the rest fled from the place, and never came back. So Mrs. Williams told me; but I won't vouch for it; and can only remember now that the poison resembled nothing I ever saw but red pepper, which was an expensive luxury at that time, and kept in the cupboard also. It may be believed that I was in great favor, for not only were her treasures shown to me, but I had tea with Mrs. Williams in the porch-room every evening. She took kindly to me from the first.

One close, cloudy day, such as comes so often at the Martinmas time, I was sitting in the best kitchen close by the window, doing some needle-work, and Mrs. Williams was up in her own room settling the accounts, for it was Monday, and early in the afternoon. The sound of a horse's hoofs on the road made me look out, and there was a gentleman, handsomely mounted, with a servant after him, as gentlemen rode in those days. They looked as if they had traveled far, and were coming to rest at the inn. When the gentleman alighted I saw he was tall and handsome, somewhere about thirty-five, and had a jovial, good-natured look, like one who was well pleased with himself and every thing about him. He walked in not at all strange like, and asked me in the most civil and courteous manner if Mrs. Williams lived here, and if he and his servant could have dinner. The first question was asked in a low tone, the second in a louder key; and before I could answer it Mrs. Williams came down. Judging from her look, he was quite a new customer. I thought the gentleman glanced curiously at her at first, and then seeming satisfied that all was right, repeated his question about the dinner, saying he was a stranger in that part of the country, but he had heard so much of the Golden Sheaf that he wished to stop and dine at the house.

I never saw Mrs. Williams receive any gentleman with more respect and ceremony. She courtesied him into the best parlor, called the hostlers to help his servant with the horses, took his orders for dinner, and set about cooking it herself, for the cook was hard at work making black and white puddings in the buttery. My first notion was that she had discovered him to be some great person traveling in disguise, and I half expected to be told of it. Mrs. Williams used to talk to me a good deal when we were alone in quiet afternoons, but now she went on cooking and making things ready without saying a word, and there was a queer fixed look in her face which I could not understand, but it kept me from talking. I laid down my work, and rose to make the eel-soup; it was one of the things for which the house was famous—a Cornwall dish, I believe; and I had been trusted with the making of it of late, to my great exultation. But now she stopped me. "No, Mary, finish your sewing: those linens will be wanted. I'll make the soup myself."

I sewed away, wondering who the gentleman could be, and what had come over Mrs. Williams, till happening to look up I missed her out of the kitchen. She had gone up to her own room, but came back in a minute with a paper in her hand, which she shook into the soup, and then threw into the fire.

"That's the red pepper; it will do now," said she, taking up a spoonful, and making-believe to taste it, but she did not. I stitched on for a minute or two, though my blood was running cold; and the boiling of that soup in the large quiet kitchen sounds through my head sometimes even now. Mrs. Williams was standing at the window with her back to me. I never will know what made me do it; but it was as if somebody had bidden me; and without a word or a thought but that it must be done, I ran to the fire, gave the saucepan a poke, and sent the soup blazing up the chimney. As it fizzed up the thought of her anger came over me. I knew not what I did; but uttering a wild cry of fear, I rushed to the nearest door, and it was the best parlor. The next thing I remember is crouching behind the gentleman, who had started up and stood in the door, as Mrs. Williams came forward with two knives, which had been lying on the window-sill, in her hand.

"Pooh, never mind the spilling of the soup," said he, understanding at once what I had done, which indeed was easily seen. "You would not be angry with the child for that; she could not help it, I dare say. I can dine very well without it. You don't know me, Mrs. Williams," he continued, coming a step nearer where she stood, still looking at me with a deadly glitter in her eyes.

"Don't I!" said she, and I did think she was trying which of the knives was the sharpest.

"Well," said the gentleman, "you may know me to be Edward Winstanley; but you don't know that I have married your daughter, and brought her home a lady. I never meant to act the villain by her. We were privately married; but while the old man lived it had to be kept a secret, and we knew you would not keep it. That is why I have come to-day to surprise you; but you will come to Winstanley Park, and give us your blessing. By Jove, ma'am, you're not going to faint!" She had staggered back against the wall, her white lips set, and her eyes growing glassy. He and I, and half a dozen of the servants, whom my scream had brought in, ran to help her; but she pushed us away with a desperate effort, darted up stairs, and we heard her lock herself in her own room. The whole house was terribly frightened; the maids all concluding that Mrs. Williams had seen a ghost. What Mr. Winstanley thought I do not know, but he asked me no questions, and never seemed to suspect any thing about the spilled soup. He left a note for Mrs. Williams, and went off with the servant a little before sunset. We all went about our business, for work never slacked in that house on any account, and the evening coach was expected. Just before it came, Mrs. Williams's bell rang, and the housemaid said she wanted me. When I came into the room she was sitting at the desk, looking herself again; but her face was still white, and she had her long knitted purse full of guineas in her hand.

"Mary," said she, "you are a good girl; take this and go home; I'll take care that you get no blame."

"I want no money, ma'am," said I; "but I'll go home if you let me, and never say a word except to my father or mother."

She held out the purse once more, and then pointed to the door, but could say nothing; it must have been a hard pull for her proud spirit. I got out of the room as quick as I could, threw on my hat and cloak, and got into the coach as soon as it came up, leaving trunk and all behind me.

My father and mother were mightily surprised when it set me down at their door in Clatford, just as the clock struck twelve; they were still more astonished when I told them what had brought me home. My father first called me a brave good girl, and then advised me not to be proud about it, because it was the work of Providence, and we were bound on all hands to keep such a story quiet about Farmer Dickson's relation. The story was kept between me and them; but my home-coming got wind, and Farmer Dickson came in a great fluster to know why Mary had left her good situation. My mother would not have reflections cast on her child, so she told him in the parlor; and what he said I don't know, because the door was fast shut; but he came out rubbing his hands, and clapped me on the back, saying,

"By jing, you are a fine girl, Mary! and if Harry don't finish that business, I'll ask you to be Mrs. Dickson myself."

I think I have not much more to tell. Harry did finish the business. There were some people in our village that never got over the wonder of it; but I am proud to say the Dickson family did not lose by me, for ten years after, Mrs. Williams died in her own inn, and left her whole property in equal shares between me and her daughter, Lady Winstanley. She had never gone to the Park but once, and then she would neither eat, drink, nor sleep in the house, but saw her daughter and grandson, now heir of the estate, and then went straight back to the Golden Sheaf. She never took another girl to stay with her; and what she said about my leaving I never heard; but the maids had a story among them, and they always stuck to it, that I went on account of something terrible which came down the chimney, and frightened Mrs. Williams half out of her senses. They said one thing, however, which I am inclined to think might be true, that she never liked to make eel-soup after, nor cared to look at red pepper.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM SAN JUAN.

DISPATCHES were received last week at the Department of State from Mr. Campbell, Boundary Commissioner at San Juan. He reports every thing quiet, and does not apprehend any further difficulty or fighting. He announces that negotiations are broken off between him and the English Commissioner. He maintains that our right to the island is clear and conclusive.

COMMODORE TATNALL'S DISPATCHES.

The Washington correspondent of the Associated Press telegraphs:

"The dispatches received by the Government narrate with minuteness the recent events in China. Flag-officer Tatnall says that the British officer in charge of the gun-boats having visited him, said nothing about aid, but his silent appeal was powerful indeed. During the few moments he was on board the *Powhatan* he would look anxiously at his Admiral and at the boats. 'After he left,' continues Captain Tatnall, 'I held a conversation with our Commissioner, Mr. Ward, and he agreed with me perfectly that, under the circumstances of our position with the English, and the aid the Admiral had tendered me the day before, I could do no less than tow the boats to his relief. I made the offer, which was thankfully and promptly accepted. While the boats were making fast to the hawsers, which I veered astern, I insisted on Mr. Ward and his suite leaving the *Toey-wan* and going on board one of the junks, for reasons which will be obvious. He at first reluctantly yielded, and left us, but soon returned in one of the English boats, declaring that, as the *Toey-wan* was his home, and going under fire with his approbation and concurrence, he would remain in her. I reluctantly yielded to his gallant impulse.' Captain Tatnall towed the boats through the British line to within a short distance of the Admiral, whose flag was flying, when, casting them off, he retired to the rear of the line, and anchored for the night. He took up this position, as it might enable him to aid the wounded, and, should any boats be sunk, to rescue their crews; in other words, 'to afford all the aid consistent with neutrality.' Having been informed by a British officer that the Admiral was dangerously wounded, Captain Tatnall went in a barge to visit him. When within a few feet of the *Cormorant* a round shot struck the boat, killed the coxswain, Mr. Hart, of Brooklyn, New York, and slightly wounded Flag-lieutenant Trenchard. They reached the *Cormorant* before the boat entirely sunk. Captain Tatnall says the Chinese Commissioners had previously notified Mr. Ward of their arrangements, and requested him to accompany the British and French ministers to the Pei-ho. To this he consented, thereby to a certain extent assuming the same platform with the latter. The sincerity of the Commissioners was much doubted at the time."

UNCERTAIN FATE OF AN AERONAUT.

Mr. Lamountain, the aeronaut, made an ascent from Watertown, New York, on 22d inst., in company with a Mr. Haddock, an editor. Neither of them have been since heard of. They were last seen from the town of Pitcairn, St. Lawrence County, New York, at a supposed altitude of five miles and going east with great velocity.

Tuesday afternoon, says the Troy *Times*, a party, embracing Mr. Edward Lamountain, brother of the aeronaut, several relatives of Mr. Haddock, and others, left Watertown to follow the route of the balloon as far as it was seen, and, if possible, to terminate the dreadful uncertainty that exists.

We find in the Rome *Sentinel* of Wednesday the following: "A rumor was current in our village yesterday afternoon, brought by the Watertown train due here at 2.40 P.M., to the effect that it was reported in Watertown that a letter had been picked up in Canada (near Bytown, we believe), purporting to have been written by Lamountain, stating that Haddock (one of the balloonists) was insane, and that the rope was so tangled up that the valve could not be opened to let out the gas so as to allow the balloon to come down. We give the story as reported at the dépôt on the arrival of the cars. We will add that we place no reliance upon it."

ELOPEMENT OF A NEW ENGLAND GIRL WITH AN INDIAN.

We read in the Boston *Bee* of 26th: "The Palmer *Journal* states that a young girl, fifteen years of age, daughter of a wealthy merchant residing in Harrison Square, Dorchester, decamped with a party of Indians who were some time since encamped at East Boston, but who have since removed to Ware, Massachusetts. John Newell, one of the Indians, was the recipient of the maiden's affections. It seems that John returned to East Boston last week, and on Thursday returned in company with the girl to Ware. At first they stopped at the hotel, but subsequently took up their quarters in the Indian tent near the village, the girl sleeping upon the ground with her dusky companions. The father, having missed his daughter, sought for her in the towns near Boston, but not finding her, made use of the telegraph, and thus ascertained her whereabouts. He reached Ware early on Sunday morning and proceeded to the Indian tent, where he met his daughter. John stated that the girl proposed and planned the whole thing—that she was as pure and virtuous as when she left her father's roof, and though they had slept in the same tent for three nights they had slept apart from each other. This statement was confirmed by John's brother and his wife, who had slept in the tent with them each night. John seemed very penitent, while the girl stated that she took this means to plague her step-mother, who had ill-treated her. She hid her clothes in a school-house the night before starting, and the next day went from home to attend school at South Boston, met her Indian lover, and fled with him to Ware."

GOLD PRODUCE FROM THE NEW GOLD MINES.

The Denver City correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* gives a statement of the receipts and shipments of gold, in various forms, by prominent business firms in Denver and Auraria, which aggregate as follows: Receipts, $73,000; shipments, $45,000. The valuation of the gold is at the rate of $17 per ounce, which is much below its real value. The amount of gold brought to the States by private individuals is included in this statement. A Mr. Gregory left Denver on the 14th for Georgia with about $25,000.

MR. BUCHANAN AT HOME.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, in his letter of the 14th inst., referring to a large number of ladies and gentlemen who, on that day, had called to pay their respects to the President, says:

"Mr. Buchanan received his guests with that frank and genial welcome that has always marked his receptions. I saw him on the day of his inauguration. He does not look a day older now. He is in perfect health. He has no marks of being jaded or care-worn. He does not sleep in the city. Precisely at half past four he may be seen starting for his rural home in the country. He has a beautiful cottage near the Soldiers' Retreat; and one of the cottages that surround the Retreat, and the one belonging to the Governor of that establishment, is the summer house of the President. It is four miles from the city, and a delightful drive. He dines at five o'clock. At six he welcomes, in a quiet way, any gentlemen or ladies who may choose to call on him; and this ride is becoming quite a fashionable one, and any afternoon the President may be seen on the piazza of his beautiful cottage, with his friends, enjoying the air and the scenery as well as the graceful society that surrounds him."

PERSONAL.

During General Scott's absence, General Wool, as senior officer, will be acting Commander-in-Chief in the Atlantic States.

A correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* relates a stroke of good fortune which has fallen upon a young Frenchman, M. Andre de Goy, who was, as he says, at one time Professor of French at Harvard College, and who, as we well know, was dreadfully *hazed* by his noisy and insubordinate pupils. He afterward edited a journal in New York, and then went back to Paris, where he was getting scanty support by writing for the Paris press, when a relative, who he supposed had forgotten him, died, leaving him heir to a fortune of a million and a half of francs.

Mrs. Mary Van Vechten, born in Albany, 1794, is the eldest daughter of Captain Davis Hunt, who commanded the steamer *Clermont* the first trip. She is now living, and has been residing at Louisville since 1819. She made the up and down trip with her father at that time.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* lately visited Miss Muloch, and he gives the following account of her:

"Miss Muloch sustains the impression you derive from her books—modest, sensible, sincere. She is tall, slender, with fine blue eyes, light-brown hair, clear English complexion, and a face lighted up by sensibility. There is nothing of the strong-minded air about her, that indefinable, unmistakable disease with which so many literary ladies are afflicted. She is feminine, as God meant woman to be, and has 'a soft, low voice, which is a very pleasant thing.'

"She was enjoying a common cane-backed Yankee rocking-chair, which a friend had sent her. You can have no idea how suggestive of home a rocking-chair becomes to a wandering Yankee—it is an epitome of New England—an oasis of comfort in the midst of a desert of four-legged, stiff, unrestful abominations; the rocking-chair was a bond of sympathy at once. She asked many questions concerning America, and expressed a warm desire to visit it—a wish, I trust, some day to be accomplished. She had a hearty laugh at the idea of having been personified in New York for so many months."

In the town of Pekin, Niagara County, reside Samuel Roberts, his wife Salina, and four daughters. They occupy a farm of one hundred acres, the work of which, such as plowing, logging, planting, hoeing, taking care of teams, etc., has, during the last year, been performed by the mother and daughters. The eldest daughter, aged eighteen, plowed twenty acres, and one of the younger sisters dragged in the grain.

Mr. Ten Broeck writes from England to a friend in Memphis that his winnings in England this year have topped $440,000, to gain which he risked but $20,000!

An interesting marriage ceremony was performed in Illinois last week. The parties were Major Culbertson, the well-known Indian trader and Agent of the American Fur Company, and Natowista, daughter of the Chief of the Blackfoot Indians. They were married some seventeen years ago according to the Indian ceremony, but being anxious that the ceremony should be performed according to civilized rites, they were again married a few days since by Father Scanden, of St. Joseph, Missouri, according to the ritual of the Romish Church. Mrs. Culbertson is said to be a person of fine native talent, and has been at times a very successful mediator between this Government and the nations to which she belongs.

A Jew, residing at Lyons, lately lost his purse, containing 1200 francs, and he advertised the loss in the usual way. The next day he received this letter: "Amiable Israelite—It is I who have found your 1200 francs, and you may weep for them, for you will never get them back again. I am leading the life of a Sardanapalus. Here is an account of what I have this day had for breakfast and for dinner. (A detail of the two meals was here given.) I shall continue to live in this manner, gracious Hebrew, until your 1200 francs are exhausted, and I will finish by drinking a glass of wine to your health."

Mr. John Minnon, of York, Pennsylvania, astonished a large crowd of spectators on Friday by a number of antics performed on a church spire on South George Street. He stood upon an arrow near the top of the vane, lay at full length upon it, and assumed other positions too frightful to look at.

Here is a story told by the Providence *Post*: "A clergyman from a town near Providence and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church, one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped, and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him, 'Friend, sinners stand on slippery places.' The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, 'I see they do; *but I can't.*'"

A few days since Mrs. Hannah Soper, aged 102 years, signed a receipt for pension decreed to her husband, who was a soldier in the Revolution. Mrs. Soper formerly resided in Cairo, Greene County, but has resided in the town of Maine, New York, for the last fourteen years. She was born in 1757,—eighteen years before the commencement of the war of the Revolution.

A painting was exhibited on Wednesday in Boston, at the meeting of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, by an Indian of the Natick tribe, named Solomon Wamsycon. The painting was made about 1730. It is on a smooth pine board, about five feet long and sixteen inches in width, and represents three stags sporting under the trees, they being considerably taller than the trees aforesaid, which surround them.

Charles Barrett, Esq., of Rockport, Maine, has the most extensive and most thriving plum orchard in the State. It contains 237 trees, and embraces 75 varieties of plums—the trees being generally in a thrifty and bearing condition.

A man named Vanover, a native of Kentucky, and a follower of Walker in Nicaragua, was lynched at Denver City the other day. He had indulged in the dangerous pastime of making targets out of a number of both males and females for some time, when his conduct finally aroused the more courageous of the citizens, and caused them to arm themselves with rifles and force the bully to seek refuge from their shots in an open log-cabin, which was partly used as a sort of store-house. The building was speedily inclosed by armed men, to prevent the escape of the aspirant to the gallows. A court, consisting of the people of the town generally, was then convened, as the most proper way of ridding the community of him, and, after a protracted discussion, it was finally resolved, without a dissenting vote, to hang the wretch. He had discovered, during the proceedings of the people's court, some kind of a vessel containing a quantity of peach brandy, and had gulped down some three quarts of it when the "committee of execution" appeared to take charge of his body. The enormous quantity of liquor he had imbibed produced a state of stupefaction from which the doomed man did not wake before his earthly career was forcibly ended, by dint of a rope and a branch of a tree.

The Columbus (Ohio) *Statesman* says that a young lady, aged about sixteen, of considerable intelligence and prepossessing appearance, is now residing with the Sheriff of Ottawa County, preparatory to her removal to the lunatic asylum, having become insane from viewing the aurora borealis a short time ago, which she was induced to believe betokened the approaching end of the world.

Mrs. Eleanor E. Southall killed a large alligator near her father's plantation, in Brunswick County, North Carolina, a few days ago. The weapon she used was a lightwood knot.

Chief-Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is in the eighty-third year of his age, and all his eight associate Justices, except one, are over seventy years.

There is a rumor that a Southern lady, distinguished for beauty and well known by her literary achievements, has become enamored of the stage, and will make her first appearance on the boards in New York in a few months.

His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Sir E. Head, has accepted the invitation extended to him to be present at the banquet to be given in Portland, Maine, in honor of the arrival of the *Great Eastern*. Lady Head will accompany him in his visit.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE GREAT EASTERN EXPLOSION.

THE *Times* correspondent, in describing the explosion on board the *Great Eastern*, to which we alluded last week, says:

"The great struggle was to get out the miserable firemen who it was known were scalding below, and whose terrible groans reached the deck. As soon as the smoke and steam had been sufficiently dampened to render a descent, not safe, but possible, several men at once volunteered to go down the shafts. In a very few moments all the twelve firemen on duty were brought up. One or two were not very seriously injured; and, singularly enough, the worst injured seemed in the least pain, and actually walked off to the hospital. But the sight of them was heart-rending. The scalp of one was hanging in strips from his head; the boiled flesh of another slipped from the bones of his hand while removing his coat, and the skin of others peeled off with their clothing. The room designed for a hospital had been used as a carpenter's shop, and the floor was covered with shavings, upon which mattresses were hastily laid. Two ship's surgeons and one of the London Hospital physicians, besides all other persons who could be profitably employed, at once set to work to alleviate the distress of the poor sufferers; and even on shore scarcely any thing more could have been done. They were generally delirious, and all seemed to be cold, and begged to be covered up. Apparently, their actual suffering was not extreme. But they had breathed the fatal steam, and before ten o'clock in the morning death—it almost seemed mercifully—had come to the relief of three of them, while at least five others were becoming quiet and unconscious in his near approach.

BEHAVIOR OF THE OFFICERS AND PASSENGERS.

"The usual variety of incidents occurred, showing the respective traits of character which such disasters call out. The pilot, Mr. Atkinson, was of course on the bridge, abaft the scene of the explosion, and under the shower of glass and splinters. Pulling his hat over his head to shield himself, he stood fast in his place, remarking, 'That's none of my business; I'm going to steer the ship as long as she is a ship.' Another hard-headed old fellow was laying a floor on a part of the wheel-house. He was sawing off a plank at the time of the disaster, and, without taking his knee off the timber, he looked up till the shower of projectiles had fallen, and then quietly resumed his sawing as if nothing had happened. One gentleman nervously took his friends apart one by one, and whispered that the ship's side was blown out, and we should sink within fifteen minutes. Another, white and trembling with terror, long after the immediate danger had passed, assured all who came near him, in broken accents, that he never felt more composed in his life. One of the newspaper reporters betook himself to the extreme stern of the ship, confidently expecting that the other nine boilers must necessarily go off in their turn, like a train of mines. One person, approaching an officer, exclaimed, 'Tell me the worst; I am prepared to meet my God!' Very few were loud and profane, as I have sometimes seen people in the very jaws of death."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: "Captain Harrison had been standing on the bridge overhead, looking into the binnacle, and the moment he heard the report, and while the destructive shower was still falling fast, he jumped upon the deck and ordered an immediate descent to the ladies' saloon, in the firm conviction that they were all there as on the previous evening. But many of the men were panic-stricken, and had already shrunk away from the explosion. A foolish passenger had raised a cry of 'The boats!' and, assisted by some sailors, was madly attempting to let them down. In one moment all would have been lost, for the rush to the boats would have been universal, and hundreds would have been drowned, while the noble ship would have been left to certain destruction. But the voice of the captain was heard like a trumpet calling out, 'Men to your duty, officers to your posts—give me a rope, and let six men follow me!' The effect of this short address was electric. In an instant he had slid down the rope into the saloon, followed by his brave boatswain Hawkins, and six volunteers were not long wanted for the forlorn hope. One after another he dashed open the gilded panels; but the splendid apartment had, strange to say, only two inhabitants, his own little daughter Edith and her pet dog. It was the reward of his gallantry that his own child should be thus the one to be so providentially saved. But even then he did not for a moment lose his self-command. Snatching up the child, and with one glance seeing she was unharmed, he exclaimed, 'Pass her along to the deck, there are more rooms to be searched.' In this way did he move about rapidly, but coolly, and did not again return to the deck until he had satisfied himself that not a single woman was in the burning, steaming, suffocating chamber. His intimate friend, Mr. Trotman, who had followed him down almost immediately, found the poor lap-dog moaning under a heap of ruins, and was the means of restoring it to its little mistress. To return to the deck and resume the command was with the captain the work of a moment, but that moment had been sufficient to test the mettle and self-possession of two men who were as brave and reliable as himself. Mr. Atkinson, the pilot, a little unpretending man, stood at his post on the bridge, and, undismayed by the loud explosion, the descending fragments, the suffocating chasm, or the yawning gulf immediately beneath him, and in the firm conviction that all the boilers would go in succession, continued to direct the movements of the ship as calmly as if he were only turning her into a harbor. Some frightened fool shouted, 'Atkinson, come down and save yourself!' but the gallant veteran replied, with grave nonchalance, 'I'm no engineer, I'm a pilot; I've charge of the ship, and I'll stick to her.' The officer, Mr. Sewell, who held the wheel under Mr. Atkinson's directions, was equally self-possessed. I saw his tall figure through the smoke working and turning the wheel with the regularity of clock-work, and I thought of the Roman sentinel whose skeleton was found upright at his post in the excavations at Pompeii. To these two men, next to Captain Harrison, I believe we are mainly indebted for the safety of the ship."

PRUSSIA.

THE KING BETTER.

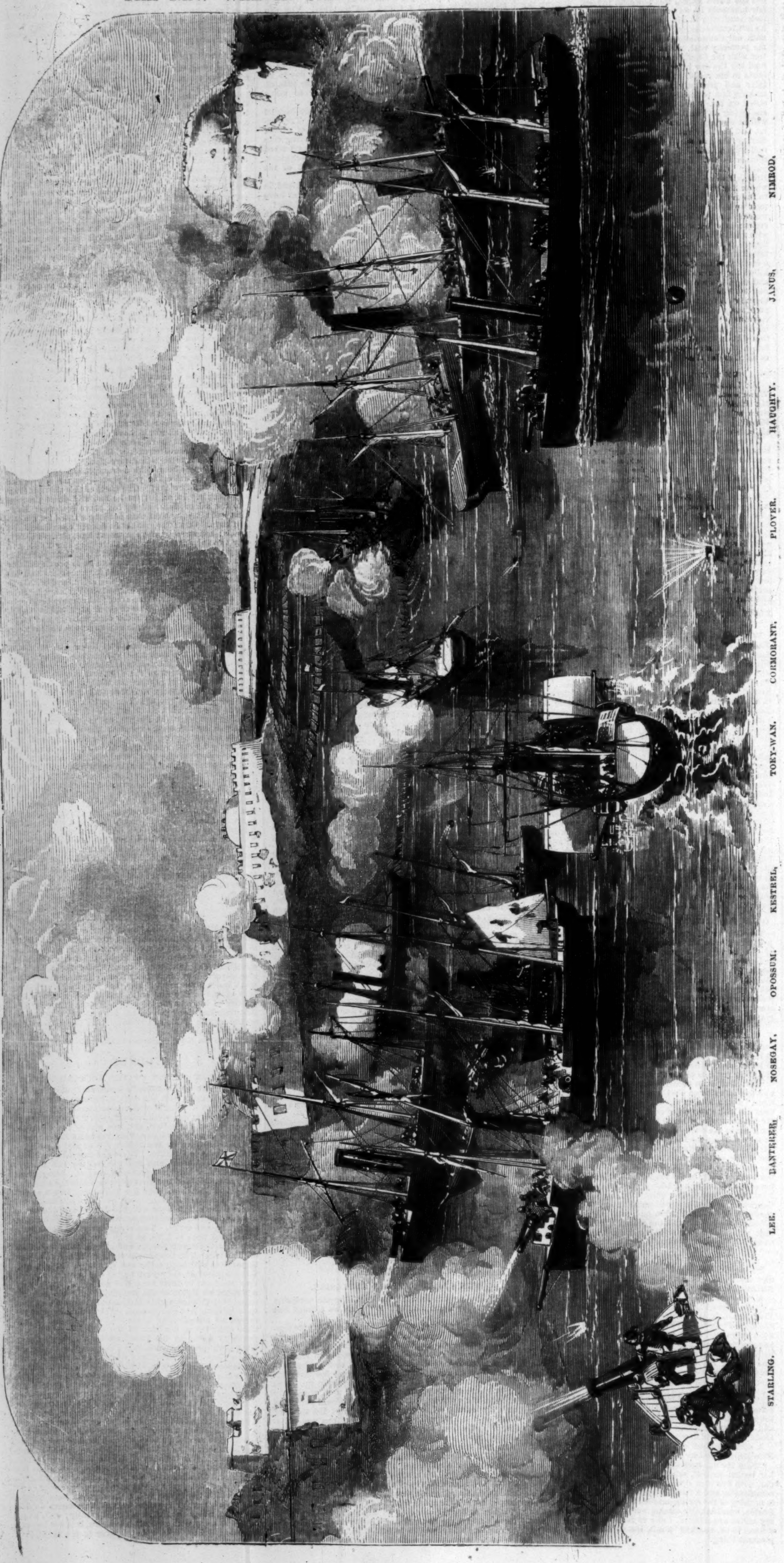
"The King of Prussia," says a letter from Berlin of the 10th, "has become so much better that his Majesty is able to get up every day, and even to walk without assistance. He sleeps well at night, and has a tolerable appetite. The intellectual condition of the King has also improved, as his Majesty manifests more interest in what takes place around him, has inquired after members of his family and suite, and is now aware of the gravity of his own malady. To-day the King, for the first time for a long period, has been able to take the air on the terrace of his apartments. The Queen, for some days past, has been ill from a cold, but her Majesty's attention to the King continues unabated."

TURKEY.

ELOPEMENT OF ONE OF THE SULTAN'S WIVES.

The master of the Sultan's band, an Italian, has arrived at Geneva with his wife, a beautiful Circassian. According to a letter from Constantinople, this female, whose name is Sersafras Hanum, was for some time in the harem of the Sultan, and was one of his favorites. "One day," says the letter, "she called for her carriage, and, accompanied by two female slaves and a male attendant, went to Ortakie. There she stopped at a house which she indicated, and was received by two females with marks of the most profound respect. She entered the house, followed by the two slaves, while the other remained at the door. She was introduced into a sumptuously furnished drawing-room, and there she dismissed the two slaves, who went with the domestics of the house to an apartment, where they were entertained with cakes, cigarettes, and coffee. Two of the domestics quitted the room from time to time, as if to see that nothing was wanted in the drawing-room, and after a while the whole of them left. The two female slaves continued to amuse themselves with their coffee and cigarettes. At last, getting surprised at not seeing any of the servants return, they went out in their turn, and finding all quiet, they advanced on tiptoe to the drawing-room. Hearing no noise, they entered, and to their astonishment found that their mistress had disappeared. They called out, but received no answer—the house seemed deserted. They then commenced a search in the different rooms, and presently found in the boudoir their mistress's dress. They were thunder-struck, as it was evident that she had fled! They then uttered loud cries, and the male attendant entered. Hearing what had happened, he searched the house throughout, but he was unable to discover the fair favorite. Hastening back to the harem, he told the black aga of her disappearance. That functionary in his turn went and searched the house with great minuteness, but could not find any trace of the Circassian, but after a while he perceived that the house opened on the port. An investigation having been instituted, it was ascertained that several persons, dressed in European style, had been seen in a caique near the house, and had suddenly left it. It turned out that a handsome Italian, named Guatelli, director of the music at Court, had disappeared. The kiosk of the fugitive was examined—the gold, silver, jewelry, and sumptuous presents of all kinds which the Sultan had made her had been carried off. The beautiful Sersafras, it is said, possesses a splendid voice, which the Sultan admired greatly; and, as she has gone away with an Italian *maestro*, it is not improbable that she may some day appear in the theatres of Western Europe."

THE NEW WAR IN CHINA—THE BATTLE OF THE PEI-HO.—[From our own Correspondent.]



THE BATTLE OF THE PEI-HO.—[From a Sketch from the Main-top of a Vessel in the River.]

The Battle of the Pei-ho.

FRIGHTFUL MASSACRE OF ENGLISH TROOPS.

BRITISH RESCUED BY THE AMERICANS.

U. S. S. "Powhatan," *June 29, 1859.*
At Anchor off the Pei-ho River.

The terrible engagement at the Pei-ho took place on the 25th inst. at the mouth of this river, between the allied English and French on the one hand, and the Chinese on the other.

I am now going to carry the reader as far back as May, 1858, in order that he may arrive at the cause of this sanguinary conflict.

About the middle of May, 1858, an imposing fleet was anchored just where we are now, composed of the vessels of England, France, the United States, and Russia. England had some twenty; France, seven or eight; the United States, two; and Russia, one. The ministers of these different countries flew their flags from the mast-heads of the four larger vessels, and were here with the avowed object of "obtaining an interview with the Emperor of China, and exacting treaties from him that should loosen the long-existing drawbacks upon the commerce of the world with China." This was their common object; but there were two roads to its attainment selected by the differing policies of the Western nations. England and France, taking the past and their knowledge of Chinese character as their guides, came with the sword in one hand, and just and reasonable demands in the other. "Grant our demands, which the century of progress and enlightenment tell us are but just, or we will blow down your forts, advance upon Pekin, and dictate our own terms," they said. The United States and Russia, on the contrary, held aloft the branch of peace, and came, trusting entirely to the ability of their ministers.

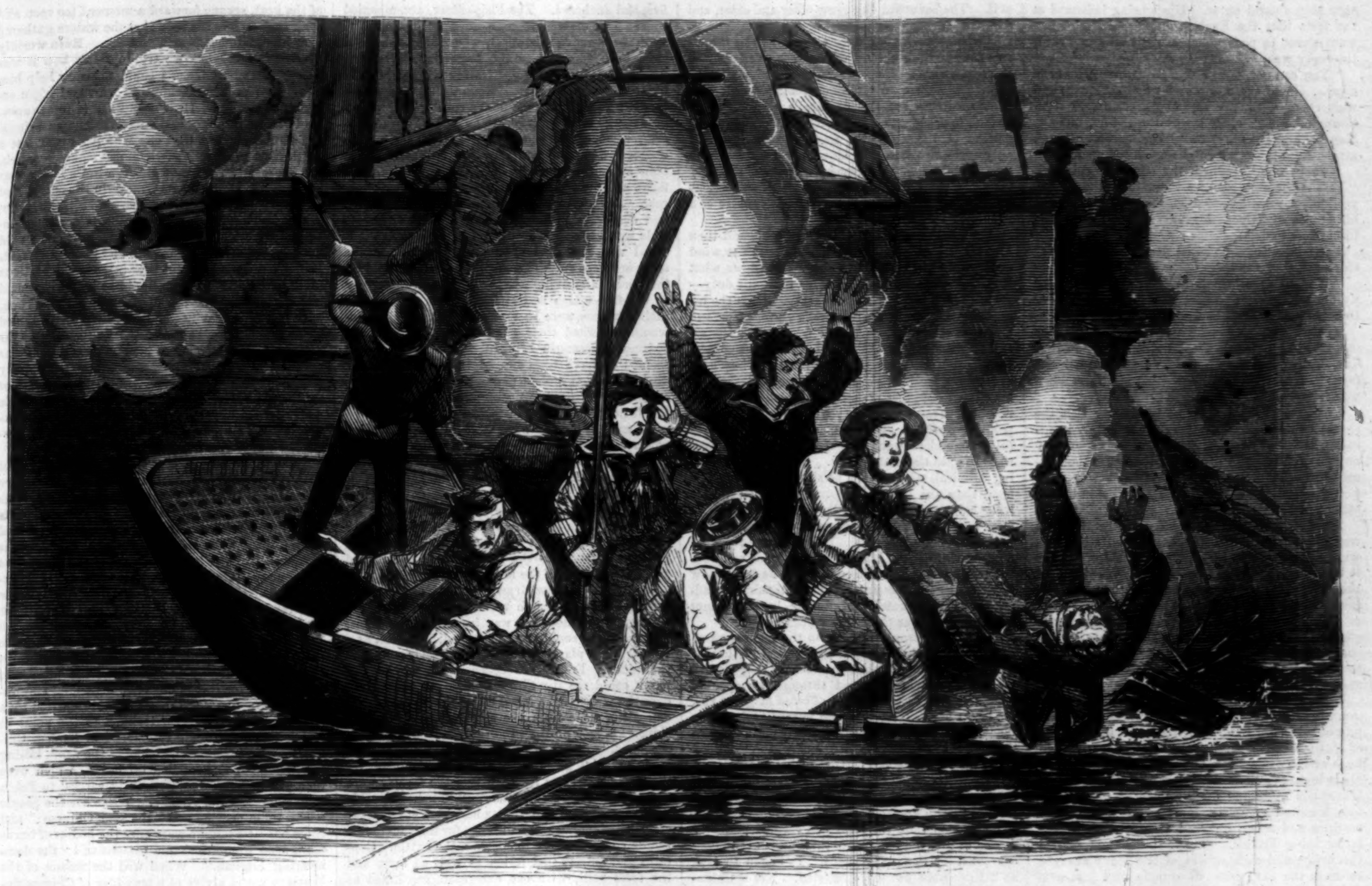
England and France, finding their demands avoided by cunning and procrastination, at once turned to war as the only alternative. They got up steam on a dozen or more gun-boats, crossed the bar, and commenced steaming up the river, on their way to Pekin. Arrived at a chain which had been stretched from bank to bank between the forts at its mouth, they were fired into by a hundred guns, returned the fire, and let go their anchors. Then was continued a well-contested battle, which, at the end of an hour and a half, was turned in their favor by a body of twelve hundred stormers, who landed and carried the forts at the point of the bayonet.

The Allies then steamed quietly up the river a distance of seventy miles and anchored off the city of Tein-sing, situated at the head of gun-boat navigation and some seventy miles short of Pekin. Of course the road was now open for the "holders of the olive branch," and the next day saw them also safely at anchor off Tein-sing, but undeniably under the protection of English and French guns, and consequently under the necessity of "taking up their beds and walking" as soon as these guns should be withdrawn.

The frightened Emperor now trembled in his threatened capital, and hurriedly commissioned three high officers to proceed to Tein-sing and check the advance of the hostile forces. Four separate treaties resulted from this action. Those of England and France granted all demands—that of Russia was perhaps nearly as fortunate; while that of the United States was little better than so much sheep-skin. And it was only saved from being virgin sheep-skin by the exertions of Mr. William B. Reed, our minister, assisted by the evident good understanding existing between himself and the representatives of England and France. Or, in other words, the commissioners were afraid to ignore entirely the propositions of one who visited, and laughed, and talked, and dined with those who had just blown down their forts.

The four treaties being all thus formed, the Allied guns returned to the anchorage outside the forts with the understanding that they, the treaties, were to be exchanged "a year hence at Pekin." Of course the two olive branches floated down the river several hours ahead of the guns—a fact owing, perhaps, to their being afraid to be left behind.

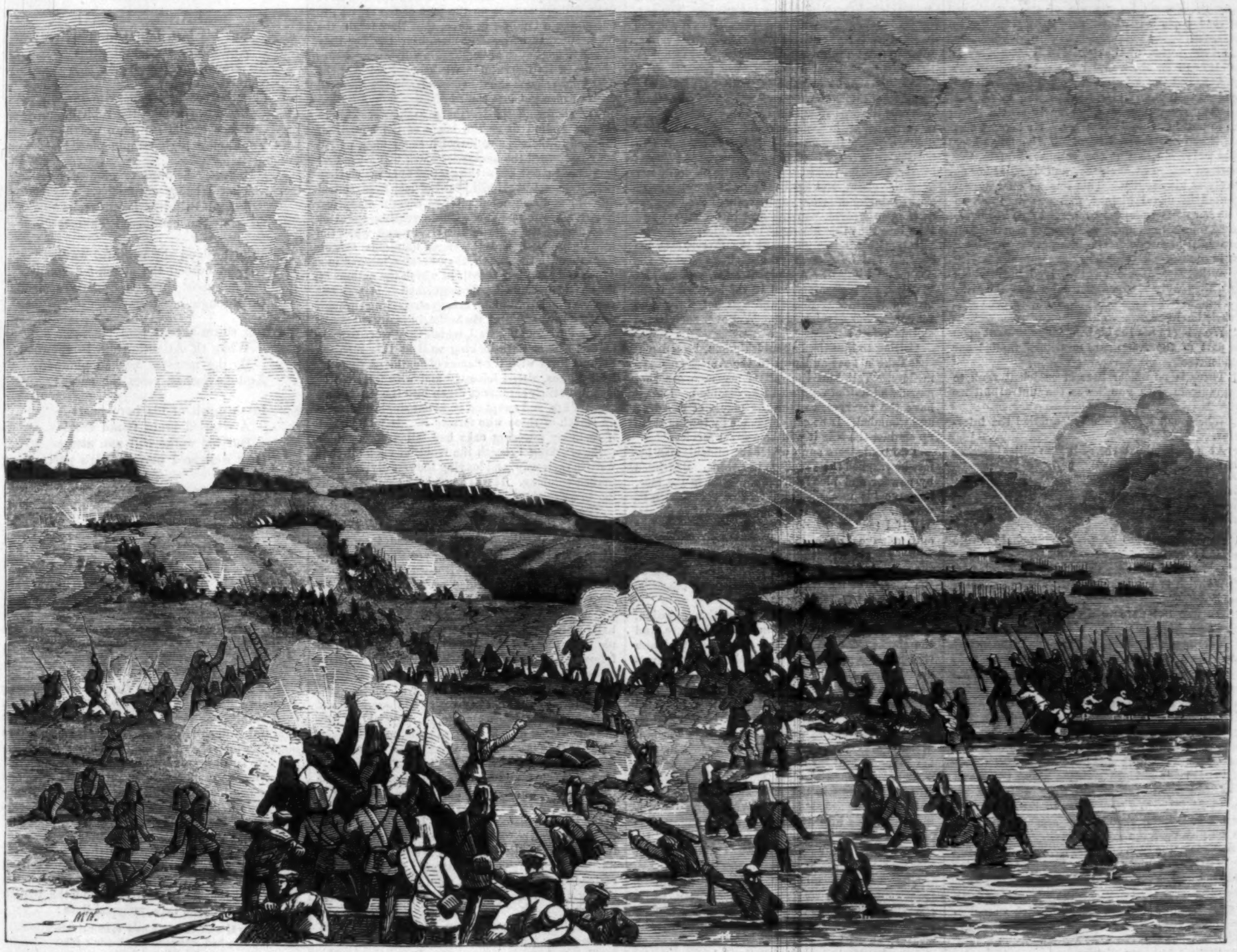
Now we come to "the present." The "year" being up, the English, French, and United States ministers arrive at Shanghai on their way to Pekin to exchange the ratified treaties. There they find the same commissioners (with one exception) that had treated with their predecessors at Tein-sing, and, more as a mark of consideration than any thing else, they communicate with them. The Allies are informed of nothing indicative of a change of feeling upon the part of the Emperor (in fact, they were told by letter to come to the north); but our minister is notified that the only right which the United States has to send to Pekin flows from "the most favored nation clause of our treaty," and that such right does not therefore exist, while, as yet, "the most favored nation" (English) itself has not been received there. As for the Russian minister, report had long since told us that he had reached Pekin by the



COMMODORE TATNALL VISITING THE BRITISH ADMIRAL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ACTION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

overland route and become permanently settled as resident minister near the court of China. Another rumor had spoken of vast fortifications that had arisen from the ruins of the Pei-ho forts; but this was laughed at, while the former was considered barely "possible."

Well, we arrived here, nine miles from the forts, on the 20th inst., and anchored in four fathoms water, with the English and French vessels around us, and with the forts upon the distant horizon. The Allies had already been at anchor several days; had sent into the mouth of the river; found it ten times more strongly fortified than ever, three barriers (each sufficient in itself to stop a squadron) thrown across; and a very evident determination that nothing in the shape of a for-



THE STORMING PARTY LANDING IN THE MUD.

eign ship should enter. Upon being informed at the forts that the English and French ministers were about to pass up upon their way to Pekin, the reply was,

"You can not go to Pekin by this branch of the river. Go to the other outlet farther north, and wait there until the commissioners arrive from Shanghai. This river is not the Pei-ho, but the Nan-ho, and it is barricaded against an expected attack from the rebels, and we can not open it."

"Very well," replied the English Admiral. "This is the only road we know to Pekin, and if you do not permit us to pass, we shall remove the barricades by force. I give you until day after to-morrow to decide."

Upon being again visited at the expiration of this time, they replied,

"We will be very sorry if you attempt it; for we are ordered not to permit the passage of any thing here, and shall be forced to fire upon you."

"I will give you until the 25th to reconsider the subject," now said the Admiral. "If on that day I do not find the river clear I shall attack the forts." And this was the position of affairs when we arrived on the 21st.

I will stop here a moment to observe that the threatened attack of the rebels was purely imaginary, and that no chart indicates the existence of any other "outlet" to this river. Hence their assertions were undoubtedly as false as was their pretended readiness to let them go to Pekin by another route.

From the 21st until the 23d the rough state of the weather did not admit of boating, and all parties were consequently confined to their ships. After it had moderated the Hon. John E. Ward visited the other ministers, and upon his return signified his intention of proceeding in the chartered steamer *Toey-wan*, with his interpreters, to the inner edge of the bar the next day, and thence to dispatch the latter in a boat to the forts to inform their commander that the American minister was at hand, and anxious to pass the barriers to Pekin.

Well, the next day came, and in went the *Toey-wan* with the Flag-officer, Minister, and suite, Captain of this ship, Flag-lieutenant, and the Captain of Marines. The English Admiral also went in in force at the same time, to be ready for the struggle which the next day was likely to witness. His entire attacking force numbered about thirteen hundred men, six hundred of whom were marines and seven hundred sailors, sixty of the latter being French. Thirteen steamers carried this army, and eight others, of too heavy draught to cross the bar, were left outside with just men enough to take care of them. Their boats, however, were pressed into the expedition. Nine of the attacking vessels were heavy steam gun-boats of 80, 60, and 40 horse power, mounting two eight-inch shell guns each, and manned by some forty men. Two were much larger vessels of the same description, another was the Admiral's side-wheel tender, and the last was a small propeller chartered by the French for the use of their minister. The reader can learn their names by referring to the sketch.

Arrived inside of the bar, the *Toey-wan* accidentally ran on shore under the very guns of the first fort, and the Admiral (who with his fleet had anchored well out of range), expecting to see her fired into every moment, generously sent a gun-boat to pull her into deep water. He begged also that, if she could not be got off, the flag-officer would hoist his flag at the gun-boat's main, the American ensign at her peak, and consider her as entirely at his service. This was an offer unprecedented in naval history, and was accepted so far as her assistance was concerned; it, however, proved unavailing, and the *Toey-wan* remained on shore until high tide. The interpreters were now sent in the flag-officer's barge to communicate with the authorities of the fort; arrived near which point, they were stopped at the bank of the river by a number of ragged-looking Chinese, who asked their business.

"We wish to see the highest officer present upon the part of the American minister," replied our friends.

"There is no officer here of sufficient rank to communicate with you," was the untruthful reply.

"Where can he be found?" queried the interpreter.

"At a place about thirty li [ten miles] farther to the north."

"How can we go there?"

"Outside. By the sea."

"Can you furnish us a pilot?"

"No."

"Can you provide us with sedan-chairs to go overland?"

"It would be useless; there is no road by land."

"We wish to leave our cards. Will you accept them?"

"We can not dare to do such a thing. Our rank is not high enough. We are only poor people from the neighborhood engaged upon the forts."

And here the interview ended. Comment is needless upon the above dialogue, as it has since been proved—as was indeed apparent to all at the time—to have been a series of lies. It is of great value, however, as the exponent of Chinese feeling toward Americans. It is not an unsafe prediction to indulge in when I say, that, in less time than five years, China will have so conducted herself toward our citizens resident along this coast as to draw down upon herself the hostility of the United States. We now come to the subject of the accompanying sketch—the second attack of the English upon the Pei-ho forts.

Saturday, the 25th of June, was a cool morning for even our latitude of 39° N., and beautifully clear. The sun got up from his crimson bed as if emerging from a bath of blood before coming forth to gaze upon the sanguine scenes which were destined to be enacted under his glare during the day, and the winds and sea were still and smooth as if nature itself had been startled into a watchful quiet by the knowledge of some great and approaching evil. The beautiful day grew older and older, and saw the English complete their preparations at 2.30 P.M. Then they were observed to be "shove short" upon their cables, while steam was allowed to escape slowly from their pipes, and while the guns' crews were ranged along their pieces in evident readiness for the Admiral's signal to "go ahead!" This was the greater part of the naval portion of the attacking force, the marines and only some two hundred blue-jackets having been transferred to some captured junks out of range of the forts, there to await a call for their services as a "reserve" or as "stormers" for the capture of a silenced fort.

A few minutes of breathless suspense, and then ascends the Admiral's signal. There is not wind enough to blow it out, but every one knows what it means, and every one proceeds to do his duty—up anchors and away at the enemy. Soon the increasing velocity of the Admiral's gun-boat creates a breeze, and the flags blow out and show the assumed meaning of the signal. Other flags too, English ensigns, fly out from the mast-heads of every boat in the line, and thus gayly decked, as if for a holiday, they steam into the conflict. There they go! steadily, swiftly; with their heavy guns pointing over bow and stern, and with their watchful commanders occupying the most exposed positions to gain the better view. See the noble looking Admiral, who even as he sits seems taller by a head than the boy-midshipman at his side. He looks calm and unconcerned; gives his orders with slow emphasis, and points with steady hand toward the enemy's works. It is said to have been a grand sight to see him thus leading his men into battle against the fearful odds which he then knew he was about to encounter. The attacking squadron looked desperately formidable, but the silent forts towered over them like volcanic hills.

For some reason unknown to the lookers-on of the *Toey-wan*, the gun-boat just astern of that of the Admiral now dashed by him as they neared the "first barrier," passed through an opening which the Flag Captain had effected at great risk the night before, and anchored immediately below the "second barrier." Perhaps her captain dreaded the effects of the "first fire," and was determined to let his boat, instead of that of his superior, receive it. He at once began the work of destroying the barrier, assisted by his armed boats, which had preceded them up the river for that purpose.

Up to this time the forts had seemed perfectly devoid of life, the number of their guns even being concealed by hanging screens. It began to look as if they were not to be resisted. Not a Chinaman had been seen upon their walls, and an unnatural silence pervaded the atmosphere—it was the silence of sudden death to many brave hearts then full of life. No sooner had the little *Kestrel* grappled the first stake of the second barrier than the screens were elevated like the curtains of a theatre, a hundred yawning muzzles became visible, and the next instant a hundred destroying balls were belched forth by flames and smoke. The carnage that ensued was awful. Men fell as if a dozen huge scythes had been swooped along their ranks, some to rise no more, others to crawl slowly out of the way to die, and a few—a very few—to arise painfully to fight in spite of their wounds. The engagement now became general. The gun-boats returned the fire before it had been well received, let go their anchors in position, and for more than seven hours kept up the unequal war. The *Nimrod* in particular covered herself with glory. Anchored nearly between two of the largest forts, with her propeller going, and her heavy guns working with the regularity of steam engines, she moved around as if upon a pivot, pouring first into one fort and then into the other her rapid broadsides. The Admiral, with his flag on board the *Plover*, sees his captain fall headless to the deck and takes the command himself. A moment later, and he also is down, severely wounded in the leg. He looks around the bloody decks and sees but three men remaining out of thirty-five. Was ever such havoc as this before?

Calling to him the boy-midshipman, he orders:

"Take a boat and pull to the American Commodore. Tell him that all of my men are shot down, and half of my gun-boats disabled. I must have the reserves, to take the places of the dead and wounded. If he can oblige me by towing them up against the tide it will be a great service."

Two boats were sunk under the midshipman before he reached the *Toey-wan* in a third. Begrimed by powder and bloody from a wound in the face, he gave his message, and told of the Admiral's wound. The flag-officer knew not what to do.

"If I tow up the reserves," he reasoned, "I at once engage in a hostile act against China, with whom my country is at peace. If I refuse, I leave the wounded Admiral and his handful of men at the mercy of ten thousand treacherous cowards. What shall I do?"

He was not long in answering this question. The increasing fury of the fire from the forts, and the slackened return by the gun-boats, told him that life was passing away and that time was precious. "Away with every consideration save those of humanity! I can not stand quietly and see such wholesale butchery. I will not see a wounded brother sailor, with crippled and exhausted crews and disabled ships, asking me in vain for aid. When I was aground under hostile guns he sent me help. I will help him now."

Thus reasoned Josiah Tatnall, Flag-officer, U.S.N. Where is the man and Christian who will throw the first stone at him? If the Government censures him for this conduct, unquestionably at variance with our "peaceful attitude" toward China, it must, at the same time, applaud him for services rendered in the cause of humanity.

The American minister and suite were now transferred to the reserve junks for safety, while the *Toey-wan* hitched on to the boats filled with impatient sailors, and pointed her head against the stream. Two hours after the commencement of the battle she steamed with them in among the gun-boats, cast them off, dropped a little out of the fire, and anchored. The Flag-officer, accompanied by the Flag-lieutenant, now got into his barge to visit the wounded Admiral, who had in the mean time been removed to the *Cormorant*. His flag was still flying, and he directing the battle from his recumbent position. Round shot and grape tore the water along the boat's course, but did her no damage until arrived at the side of the *Cormorant*, when one of the former struck her on the quarter, wounded mortally the cockswain, and blew away the whole stern. As she filled the officers and crew climbed to the deck of the *Cormorant*. An awful scene of blood, and mutilation, and desperate men contending against desperate odds was here spread out before them. The Admiral was stretched upon the quarter-deck, the scuppers were running blood, the dead blocked up the road of the living, the wounded glared fiercely at the fate which had stricken them down when their services were so much needed, and the unwounded jerked their guns in and out with the spasmodic strength of men whose every nerve seemed to have been braced to conquer as they died. Perhaps a more desperate picture was never painted by man's aroused ferocity. Let us follow it no farther.

After an interview of several minutes the Flag-officer returned to his ship in an English boat, and towed up a second reserve. The general carnage had been so dreadful that the first had been at once absorbed, and they in turn were now thinned so much as to necessitate a second supply. It seems awful, as one writes of such a battle, to see hundreds of men thus towed from a place of comparative safety into the very jaws of death, and yet it is only one of the necessary risks of war.

The day was now drawing to a close, but the conflict still raged with unabated fury. English courage would not give way before Chinese guns, and the latter could not be silenced, for as fast as a man fell his place was filled from their countless thousands. From the *Toey-wan*, with a glass, our party could see the Chinese throwing their dead over the walls of the forts, while the English were doing the same from the sides of their hospital-ships. It was no time then to show "respect to the dead." As soon as life had flown the body must give its place to one of the wounded, for there was not room for both, and the former were as well in the river as on ship-board. By this time several of the gun-boats had been sunk, their crews abandoning them in boats for their more fortunate consorts, there to continue the battle. Captains and officers had fallen as well as men, and the forts still, with one exception, continued as active as ever. It was therefore necessary to turn the tide of battle by some bold feat, or to retreat before they were all sunk. The Admiral determined to storm the apparently "silenced" fort, and to turn its guns against the others. This fort (marked No. 2) had not fired a gun for an hour, and was supposed by every one to be *hors de combat*. Subsequent events proved its silence to have been a mere artifice on the part of the enemy, to encourage a landing in force, that they might the more speedily and safely slaughter the foe they feared to meet even at bombarding distance. Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, willed that the dastardly scheme should succeed, and six hundred doomed men got into their hands.

The shades of the Northern night were slowly closing around us as the boats of the squadron, ladened to their gunwales with eager men, pulled heavily toward the low-water mark below the first barrier. No one knew the ground over which they were to pass, but all had heard of deep mud, spiked ditches, and concealed pits, as certain obstacles. Night seemed to close with increasing speed as they neared the edge of the river; and when the boats grounded, and the eager hundreds sprang from them to the attack, they became merged in a dense and swaying crowd, in which the actions of no one man could be distinguished. It was but one vast mass of human beings struggling through mud and water—over the waist, in many cases—to gain a dark-looking wall, which they were to scale or die. That dark-looking wall at this moment became lurid with the flames of death. A score of heavy guns, aimed leisurely and with fatal truth, cast forth their engines of death into the struggling mass of life, and swept away at one single discharge an eighth of those who formed it. It was just as if so many towering oaks had fallen across their path, crushing beneath the trunk of each all that were in their way, and leaving the rest divided into broken columns. It was fearful to behold—sickening to write about!

The stormers staggered beneath the blow, but still rushed desperately toward the wall. Fearful of another discharge they separated into small parties, and thus rendered their positions uncertain to the Chinese gunners. But the forethought of their enemies had provided against this even; for they had scarcely reached the first ditch—over which they were forced to swim—when burning balls were thrown from the forts, which gave ample light to point them out. It is too terrible to follow this scene any farther. Many of them crossed the first ditch with saturated ammunition. A few even got over the second, with clothes and limbs torn by the sharp spikes; and there were six or seven whose desperate energy, physical endurance, and good fortune, carried them up to the very walls of the fort. But the attempt had failed; and leaving the third of their friends dead and wounded upon the muddy beach, the remnant gained their boats and retreated out of fire. There was no time then to take away their dead—hardly to assist the wounded. Such of the latter as were able crawled to the boats and dragged themselves painfully over the gunwales, and a few were picked up during the hurry of the retreat; the others remained with the dead, and were covered slowly—slowly by the rising tide, from which they could not fly.

There was one poor fellow, perhaps the bravest in the party, who met his sudden death before the landing had even commenced. Determined to be among the first, he stationed himself upon the bows of the boat, sprang forward a moment too soon and sank so deep into the mud that the waters gathered over him and he was seen no more. Even worldly charity falters when we try to think how it was that his hundred friends could not now help him to rise. Men are machines in war, and when ordered, as stormers, their only duty is to advance. And yet we insanely call ourselves human beings.

I do not suppose that one who has never lost a battle upon the results of which was staked so much, can appreciate the brave old Admiral's feelings as he saw his stormers returning in bleeding and broken ranks from their unsuccessful attack. Himself badly wounded, with gun-boats sorely pressed and with his stormers beaten back, one would have looked for an immediate and general retreat. But this did not seem to enter into his calculations at all; for until ten at night did he hold his ground and batter away at the unyielding forts. Then, with empty magazines and bleeding men blinded by impotent rage, he nailed the English flag to the mast of the *Cormorant*, left her and three other boats aground and half full of water, and reluctantly retreated with the others. England owes honor to Rear-Admiral Hope. He has lost a battle which it was impossible to gain without the intervention of a miracle, and in his bad fortune he covers her navy with glory.

In order to be out of gun-shot when daylight should return, it was necessary to steam some two miles toward the bar; but before proceeding the half of this distance several of the smaller gun-boats were discovered to be sinking, and they were forced to run them upon the banks. The boats of the squadron had also been terribly cut up, their crews killed or scattered, and many of them thus rendered useless. Every thing was in a state of inevitable and terrible confusion, added to by the darkness of the night. All night long the survivors worked hard to restore things to a state of comparative order, and the following morning the sun came through a clear sky to look upon the picture of misery and woe spread out upon both land and water. Every moment the strong tide carried by a floating body, and upon looking to the point at which the unfortunate stormers had landed, Chinese butchers were seen stripping the dead, killing the wounded, and cutting off heads, which were then put in bags, doubtless to be carried to Pekin as evidences of the victory. These are the people whom some persons call "the poor Chinese;" and those headless trunks were once the bodies of brave white men whom the same persons call "the domineering English." When will the masses of the Western world arrive at a true idea of Chinese duplicity and wanton rascality?

July 2. It is just a week since the battle, and yet the surviving gun-boats are still in the mouth of the river.

BRUNEL.

THE great Artificer is dead!
But his last, best triumph lives;
And Glory its laurel gives
To crown his Hero-head.

(For heroes by war's grim grace
Not always take their birth.
Peace exalts *her* hero worth
To Fame's high temple place!)

"BRUNEL" belongs to names
That History chronicles.
—And Britain's legend tells
Of him who conquered Thames:

Who bridged the wrathful waves:
Who curbed the steam-fed steeds
That sport through England's meads
Or through her tunneled caves.

Let storm-queens peal his dirge
When th' Atlantic shall be spanned
By the monster he had planned,
And Leviathan rules the surge!

In th' hush of his hero heart
A wearied brain found rest!
But his works will aye attest
How well he'd played Life's part.

A. O. H.

NEW YORK CITY, *Oct.*, 1859.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME are old in heart at forty, some are young at eighty. Margaret Van Eyck's heart was an evergreen. She loved her young namesake with youthful ardor. Nor was this new sentiment a mere caprice: she was quick at reading character, and saw in Margaret Brandt that which in one of her own sex goes far with an intelligent woman—genuineness. But, besides her own sterling qualities, Margaret Brandt had from the first a potent ally in the old artist's bosom.

Human nature.

Strange as it may appear to the unobservant, our hearts warm more readily to those we have benefited than to our benefactors. Some of the Greek philosophers noticed this; but the British Homer has stamped it in immortal lines:

> I heard, and thought how side by side
> We two had stemmed the battle's tide
> In many a well-debated field,
> Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.

I thought on Darien's deserts pale,
Where Death bestrides the evening gale,
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fenceless faced the deadly dew.
I thought on Quariana's cliff,
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortram to the shore;
And when his side an arrow found,
I sucked the Indian's venom'd wound.
These thoughts like torrents rushed along
To sweep away my purpose strong.

Observe! this assassin's hand is stayed by memory, not of benefits received, but benefits conferred.

Now Margaret Van Eyck had been wonderfully kind to Margaret Brandt; had broken through her own habits to go and see her; had nursed her, and soothed her, and petted her, and cured her more than all the medicine in the world. So her heart opened to the recipient of her goodness, and she loved her now far more tenderly than she had ever loved Gerard, though, in truth, it was purely out of regard for Gerard she had visited her in the first instance.

When, therefore, she saw the unwonted roses on Margaret's cheek, and read the bit of parchment that had brought them there, she gave up her own views without a murmur.

"Sweet-heart," said she, "I did desire he should stay in Italy five or six years and come back rich, and, above all, an artist. But your happiness is before all, and I see you can't live without him, so we must have him home as fast as may be."

"Ah, Madam! you divine my very thoughts." And the young woman hung her head a moment and blushed. "But how to let him know, Madam? That passes my skill. He is gone to Italy; but what part, that I know not. Stay! he named the cities he should visit. Florence was one, and Rome. But then—"

Finally, being a sensible girl, she divined that a letter, addressed "My Gerard—Italy," might chance to miscarry, and she looked imploringly at her friend for counsel.

"You are come to the right place, and at the right time," said the old lady. "Here was this Hans Memling with me to-day; he is going to Italy, girl, no later than next week—'to improve his hand,' he says. Not before 'twas needed, I do assure you."

"But how is he to find my Gerard?"

"Why, he knows your Gerard, child. They have supped here more than once, and were like hand and glove. Now, as his business is the same as Gerard's—"

"What! he is a painter then?"

"He passes for one. He will visit the same places as Gerard, and, soon or late, he must fall in with him. Wherefore, get you a long letter written, and copy out this pardon into it, and I'll answer for the messenger. In six months at farthest Gerard shall get it; and when he shall get it, then will he kiss it, and put it in his bosom, and come flying home. What are you smiling at? And now what makes your cheeks so red? And what you are smothering me for I can not think—My darling! yes! happy days are coming to my little pearl."

Meantime Martin sat in the kitchen, with the black-jack before him and Richt Heyneps spinning beside him: and, wow! but she pumped him that night.

This Hans Memling was an old pupil of Jan Van Eyck and his sister. He was a painter, notwithstanding Margaret's sneer, and a good soul enough, with one fault. He loved the "nipperkin, canakin, and the brown bowl" more than they deserve. This singular penchant kept him from amassing fortune, and was the cause that he often came to Margaret Van Eyck for a meal, and sometimes for a groat. But this gave her a claim on him, and she knew he would not trifle with any commission she should intrust to him.

The letter was duly written, and left with Margaret Van Eyck; and the following week, sure enough, Hans Memling returned from Flanders. Margaret Van Eyck gave him the letter, and a piece of gold toward his traveling expenses. He seemed in a hurry to be off.

"All the better," said the old artist; "he will be the sooner in Italy."

But as there are horses who burn and rage to start, and after the first yard or two want the whip, so all this hurry cooled into inaction when Hans got as far as the principal hostelry of Tergou, and saw two of his boon companions sitting in the bay window. He went in for a parting glass with them; but when he offered to pay, they would not hear of it. No; he was going a long journey; they would treat him—every body must treat him, the landlord and all.

It resulted from this treatment that his tongue got as loose as if the wine had been oil; and he confided to the convivial crew that he was going to show the Italians how to paint: next he sang his exploits in battle, for he had handled a pike; and his amorous successes with females, luckily not present to oppose their version of the incidents. In short, "plenus rimarum erat: huc illuc diffluebat:" and among the miscellaneous matters that oozed out, he must blab that he was intrusted with a letter to a townsman of theirs, one Gerard, a good fellow. He added, "You are all good fellows;" and he slapped Sybrandt on the back so heartily that the breath was driven out of his body.

Sybrandt on this got a long way off, but listened to every word, and learned for the first time that Gerard was gone to Italy. However, to make sure he affected to doubt it.

"My brother Gerard is never in Italy."

"Ye lie, ye cur," roared Hans, taking instantly the irascible turn, and not remarking that he who now sat opposite him was the same he had eulogized and hit when beside him. "If he was ten times your brother he is in Italy. What call ye this? There, read me that superscription!" and he flung down a letter on the table.

Sybrandt took it up and examined it gravely; but eventually laid it down, with the remark that he could not read. However, one of the company, by some immense fortuity, could read; and, proud of so rare an accomplishment, took it and read it out: "To Gerard Gerardssoen, of Tergou. These by the hand of the trusty Hans Hemling with all speed."

"'Tis excellently well writ," said the reader, examining every letter.

"Ay!" said Hans, bombastically, "and small wonder: 'tis writ by a famous hand; by Margaret, sister of Jan Van Eyck. Blessed and honored be his memory. She is an old friend of mine, is Margaret Van Eyck."

Miscellaneous Hans then diverged into forty topics.

Sybrandt stole out of the company, and went in search of Cornelis.

They put their heads together over the news: Italy was an immense distance off: if they could only keep him there.

"Keep him there? Nothing would keep him long from his Margaret."

"Curse her!" said Sybrandt. "Why didn't she die when she was about it!"

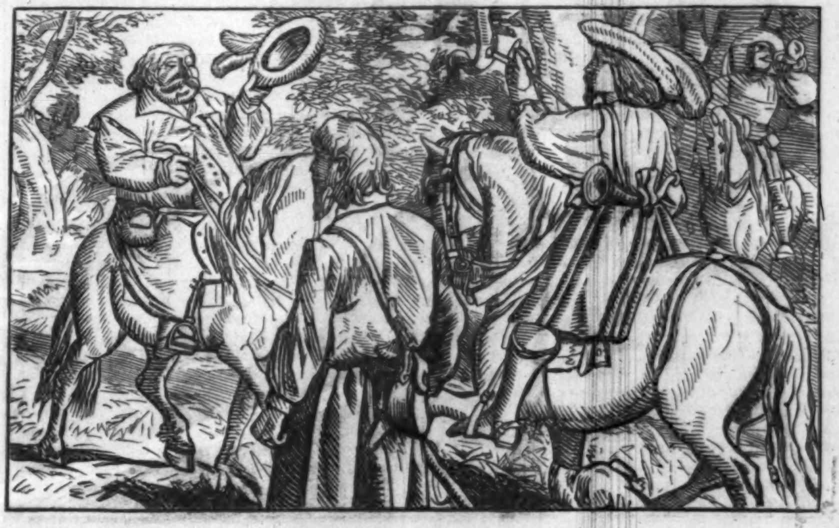
"*She* die! She would outlive the pest to vex us." And he was wroth at her selfishness in not dying, to oblige.

These two black sheep kept putting their heads together, and tainting each other worse and worse, till at last their corrupt hearts conceived a plan for keeping Gerard in Italy all his life, and so securing his share of their father's substance.

But when they had planned it they were no nearer the execution; for that required talent: so iniquity came to a stand-still. But presently, as if Satan had come between the two heads, and whispered into the right ear of one and the left of the other simultaneously, they both burst out at once with the same word.

"THE BURGOMASTER!"

They went to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, and he received them at once: for the man who is under the torture of suspense catches eagerly at knowledge. Certainty is often painful, but seldom, like suspense, intolerable.



"You have news of Gerard?" said he, eagerly.

Then they told about the letter and Hans Hemling. He listened with restless eye. "Who writ this letter?"

"Margaret Van Eyck," was the reply: for they naturally thought the contents were by the same hand as the superscription.

"Are ye sure?" And he went to a drawer and drew out a paper written by Margaret Van Eyck while treating with the Burgh for her house. "Was it writ like this?"

"Yes. 'Tis the same writing," said Sybrandt, boldly.

"Good! And now what would ye of me?" said Ghysbrecht, with beating heart, but a carelessness so well feigned that it staggered them. They fumbled with their bonnets, and stammered and spoke a word or two, then hesitated and beat about the bush, and let out by degrees that they wanted a letter written, to say something that would be sure to keep Gerard in Italy, and this letter they proposed to substitute in Hans Memling's wallet for the one he carried. While these fumbled with their bonnets and their iniquity, and vacillated between respect for a burgomaster and their knowledge that this one was as great a rogue as themselves, and, somehow or other, on their side against Gerard, pros and cons were coursing one another to and fro in the keen old man's spirit. Vengeance said let Gerard come back and feel the weight of the law. Prudence said keep him a thousand miles off. But then prudence said also, why do dirty work on a doubtful chance? Why put it in the power of these two rogues to tarnish your name? Finally, his strong persuasion that Gerard was in possession of a secret by means of which he could wound him to the quick, coupled with his caution, resulted thus: "It is my duty to aid the citizens that can not write. But for their matter I will not be responsible. Tell me, then, what I shall write."

"Something about this Margaret."

"Ay, ay! that she is false, that she is married to another, I'll go bail."

"Nay, Burgomaster, nay! not for all the world!" cried Sybrandt; "Gerard would not believe it, or but half, and then he would come back to see. No; say that she is dead."

"Dead! what, at her age? will he credit that?"

"Sooner than the other. Why, she *was nearly* dead, so it is not to say a downright lie after all."

"Humph! And you think that will keep him in Italy?"

"We are sure of it, are we not, Cornelis?"

"Ay," said Cornelis, "our Gerard will never leave Italy now he is there. It was always his dream to get there. He would come back for his Margaret, but not for us. What cares he for us? He despises his own family—always did."

"This would be a bitter pill to him," said the old hypocrite.

"It will be for his good in the end," replied the young one.

"What avails Famine wedding Thirst," said Cornelis.

"And the grief you are preparing for him so coolly:" Ghysbrecht spoke sarcastically, but tasted his own vengeance all the time.

"Oh, a lie is not like a blow with a curtal axe. It hacks no flesh and breaks no bones."

"A curtal axe!" said Sybrandt; "no, nor even like a stroke with a cudgel!" and he shot a sly envenomed glance at the Burgomaster's broken nose.

Ghysbrecht's face turned white with ire when this adder's tongue struck his wound. But it told as intended: the old man bristled with hate.

"Well," said he, "tell me what to write for you, and I must write it; but, take notice, you bear the blame if aught turns amiss. Not the hand which writes, but the tongue which dictates, doth the deed."

The brothers assented warmly, sneering within. Ghysbrecht then drew his inkhorn toward him, and laid the specimen of Margaret Van Eyck's writing before him, and made some inquiries as to the size and shape of the letter, when an unlooked-for interruption occurred. Jorian Ketel burst hastily into the room, and looked vexed at not finding him alone.

"Thou seest I have matter on hand, good fellow."

"Ay, but this is grave. I bring good news; but 'tis not for every ear."

The Burgomaster arose and drew Jorian aside into the embrasure of his deep window, and then the brothers heard them converse in low but eager tones. It ended by Ghysbrecht sending Jorian out to saddle his mule. He then addressed the black sheep with a sudden coldness that amazed them:

"I value the peace of families; but this is not a thing to be done in a hurry. We will see about it, we will see."

"But, Burgomaster, the man will be gone. It will be too late."

"Where is he?"

"At the hostelry, drinking."

"Well, keep him drinking. We will see, we will see." And he sent them off discomfited.

To explain all this we must retrograde a step. This very morning, then, Margaret Brandt had met Jorian Ketel near her own door. He passed her with a scowl. This struck her, and she remembered him.

"Stay," said she. "Yes! it is the good man who saved him. Oh! why have you not been near me since? And why have you not come for the parchments? Was it not true about the hundred crowns?"

Jorian gave a snort: but seeing her face that looked so candid, began to think there might be some mistake. He told her he had come, and how he had been received.

"Alas!" said she, "I knew naught of this. I lay at death's door." She then invited him to follow her, and took him into the garden and showed him the spot where the parchments were buried. "Martin was for taking them up, but I would not let him. *He* put them there, and I said none should move them but you, who had earned them so well of him and me."

"Give me a spade!" cried Jorian, eagerly. "But stop! No; he is a suspicious man. You are sure they are there still?"

"Sure? I will openly take the blame if human hand hath touched them."

"Then keep them but two hours more, I prithee, good Margaret," said Jorian, and ran off to the Stadthouse of Tergou a joyful man.

The rest you have divined.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE Burgomaster was also a joyful man as he jogged along toward Sevenbergen, with Jorian striding beside him, giving him assurance that in an hour's time the missing parchments would be in his hand.

"Ah, master!" said he, "lucky for us it wasn't a thief that took them."

"Not a thief? not a thief? what call you him, then?"

"Well, saving your presence, I call him a jackdaw. This is a piece of jackdaw's work, if ever there was; take the thing you are least in want of, and hide it—that's a jackdaw. I should know," added Jorian, oracularly, "for I was brought up with a jackdaw. He and I were born the same year, but he cut his teeth long before me, and, wow! but my life was a burden for years all along of him. If you had but a hole in your hose no bigger than a groat, in went his beak like a gimlet; and in the matter of stealing he was Gerard all over. What he wanted least, and any poor Christian in the house wanted most, that went first. Mother was a notable woman, so if she did but look round, away flew her thimble. Father lived by cordwaining, so about sunrise Jack went diligently away with his awl, his wax, and his twine. After that, make your bread how you could! One day I heard my mother tell him to his face he was enough to corrupt half a dozen children; and he only cocked his eye at her, and next minute away with the nursling's shoe off his very foot. Now this Gerard is tarred with the same stick. The parchments are no more unto him than a thimble or an awl to Jack. He took 'em out of pure mischief and hid them, and you would never have found them but for me."

"I believe you are right," said Ghysbrecht, "and I have vexed myself more than need."

When they came to Peter's gate he felt uneasy.

"I wish it had been any where but here."

Jorian reassured him.

"The girl is honest and friendly," said he. "She had nothing to do with taking them, I'll be sworn!" and he led him into the garden. "There, master, if a face is to be believed, here they lie; and, see, the mould is loose."

He ran for a spade which was stuck up in the ground at some distance, and soon went to work and uncovered a parchment. Ghysbrecht saw it, and thrust him aside and went down on his knees and tore it out of the hole. His hands trembled and his face shone. He threw out parchment after parchment, and Jorian dusted them and cleaned them and shook them. Now, when Ghysbrecht had thrown out a great many, his face began to darken and lengthen, and when he came to the last he put his hands to his temples and seemed to be all amazed. Then a chill traversed his frame.

"What mystery lies here?" he gasped. "Are fiends mocking me? Dig deeper! There *must* be another!"

Jorian drove the spade in and threw out quantities of hard mould. In vain. And even while he dug, his master's mood had changed.

"Treason! treachery!" he cried. "You knew of this!"

"Knew what, master, in Heaven's name?"

"Caitiff, you knew there was another one worth all these twice told."

"'Tis false!" cried Jorian, made suspicious by the other's suspicion. "'Tis a trick to rob me of my hundred crowns. Oh! I know you, Burgomaster." And Jorian was ready to whimper.

A sweet voice fell on them both like oil upon the waves. "No, good man, it is not false, nor yet is it quite true: there was another parchment."

"There, there, there! Where is it?"

"But," continued Margaret, calmly, "it was not a town record (so you have gained your hundred crowns, good man): it was but a private deed between the Burgomaster here and my grandfather Flor—"

"Hush, hush!"

"—is Brandt."

"Where is it, girl? that is all we want to know."

"Have patience, and I shall tell you. Gerard read the title of it, and he said, 'This is as much yours as the Burgomaster's,' and he put it apart, to read it with me at his leisure."

"It is in the house, then?" said the Burgomaster, recovering his calmness.

"No, Sir," said Margaret, gravely, "it is not." Then, in a broken voice: "You hunted—my poor Gerard—so hard—and so close—that you gave him—no time—to think of aught—but his life—and his grief. The parchment was in his bosom, and he hath ta'en it with him."

"Whither, whither!"

"Ask me no more, Sir. What right have you to question me thus? It was for *your* sake, good man, I put force upon my heart, and bore to speak at all to this hard old man. For, when I think of the misery he has brought on *him* and me, the sight of him is almost more than I can bear;" and she gave an involuntary shudder, and went away crying bitterly.

Remorse for the past, and dread of the future—the slow, but, as he now felt, the inevitable future—avarice and fear, all tugged in one short moment at this tough heart. Ghysbrecht hung his head, and his arms fell listless by his sides. A coarse chuckle made him start round, and there stood Martin Wittenhaagen leaning on his bow, and sneering from ear to ear. At sight of the man and his grinning face Ghysbrecht's worse passions awoke.

"Ho! attack him, seize him, traitor and thief!" cried he. "Dog, thou shalt pay for all!"

Martin, without a word, calmly produced the Duke's pardon. Ghysbrecht looked and had not a word to say. Martin followed up his advantage.

"The Duke and I are soldiers. He won't let you greasy burghers trample on an old comrade. He bade me carry you a message too."

"The Duke send a message to me?"

"Ay! I told him of your masterful doings, of your imprisoning Gerard for loving a girl; and says he, 'Tell him this is to be a king, not a burgomaster. I'll have no kings in Holland but one. Bid him be more humble, or I'll hang him at his own door—'"

Ghysbrecht trembled. He thought the Duke capable of the deed.

"'—as I hanged the Burgomaster of Thingembob.' The Duke could not mind which of you he had hung, or in what part; such trifles don't stick in a soldier's memory, but he was sure he had hanged one of you for grinding poor folk, 'and I'm the man to hang another,' said the good Duke."

These repeated insults from so mean a man, coupled with his invulnerability, shielded as he was by the Duke, drove the choleric old man into a fit of impotent fury; he shook his fist at the soldier, and tried to threaten him, but could not speak for the rage and mortification that choked him: then he gave a sort of screech, and coiled himself up in eye and form like a rattle-snake about to strike; and spat furiously upon Martin's doublet.

The thick-skinned soldier treated this ebullition with genuine contempt. "Here's a venomous old toad! he knows a kick from this foot would send him to his last home, and he wants me to cheat the gallows. But I have slain too many men in fair fight to lift limb against any thing less than a man: and this I count no man. What is it, in Heaven's name? An old goat-skin bag, full o' rotten bones!"

"My mule! my mule!" screamed Ghysbrecht.

Jorian helped the old man up, trembling in every joint. Once in the saddle, he seemed to gather in a moment unnatural vigor; and the figure that went flying to Tergou was truly weird-like and terrible: so old and wizened the face; so white and reverend the streaming hair; so baleful the eye; so fierce the fury which shook the bent frame that went spurring like mad; while the quavering voice yelled, "I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache! All of them! All! —all!—all!"

The black sheep sat disconsolate amidst the convivial crew, and eyed Hans Memling's wallet. For more ease he had taken it off, and flung it on the table. How readily they could have taken out that letter and put in another. For the first time in their lives they were sorry they had not learned to write, like their brother.

And now Hans Memling began to talk of going, and the brothers agreed in a whisper to abandon their project for the time. They had scarcely resolved this when Dierich Brower stood suddenly in the door-way, and gave them a wink.

They went to him. "Come to the Burgomaster with all speed," said he.

They found Ghysbrecht seated at a table, pale and agitated. Before him lay Margaret Van Eyck's handwriting. "I have written what you desired," said he. "Now for the superscription. What were the words? did ye see?"

"We can not read," said Cornelius.

"Then is all this labor lost," cried Ghysbrecht, angrily. "Dolts!"

"Nay, but," said Sybrandt, "I heard the words read, and I have not lost them. They were, 'To Gerard Gerardssoen, these, by the hands of the trusty Hans Memling, with all speed.'"

"'Tis well! Now, how was the letter folded? how big was it?"

"Longer than this one, and not so long as this."

"'Tis well! Where is he?"

"At the hostelry."

"Come, then, take you this groat and treat him. Then ask to see the letter, and put this in place of it. Come to me with the other letter."

The brothers assented, took the letter, and went to the hostelry.

They had not been gone a minute when Dierich Brower issued from the Stadthouse and followed them. He had his orders not to let them out of his sight till the true letter was in his master's hands. He watched outside the hostelry.

He had not long to wait. They came out almost immediately, with downcast looks. Dierich made up to them.

"Too late!" they cried; "too late! He is gone!"

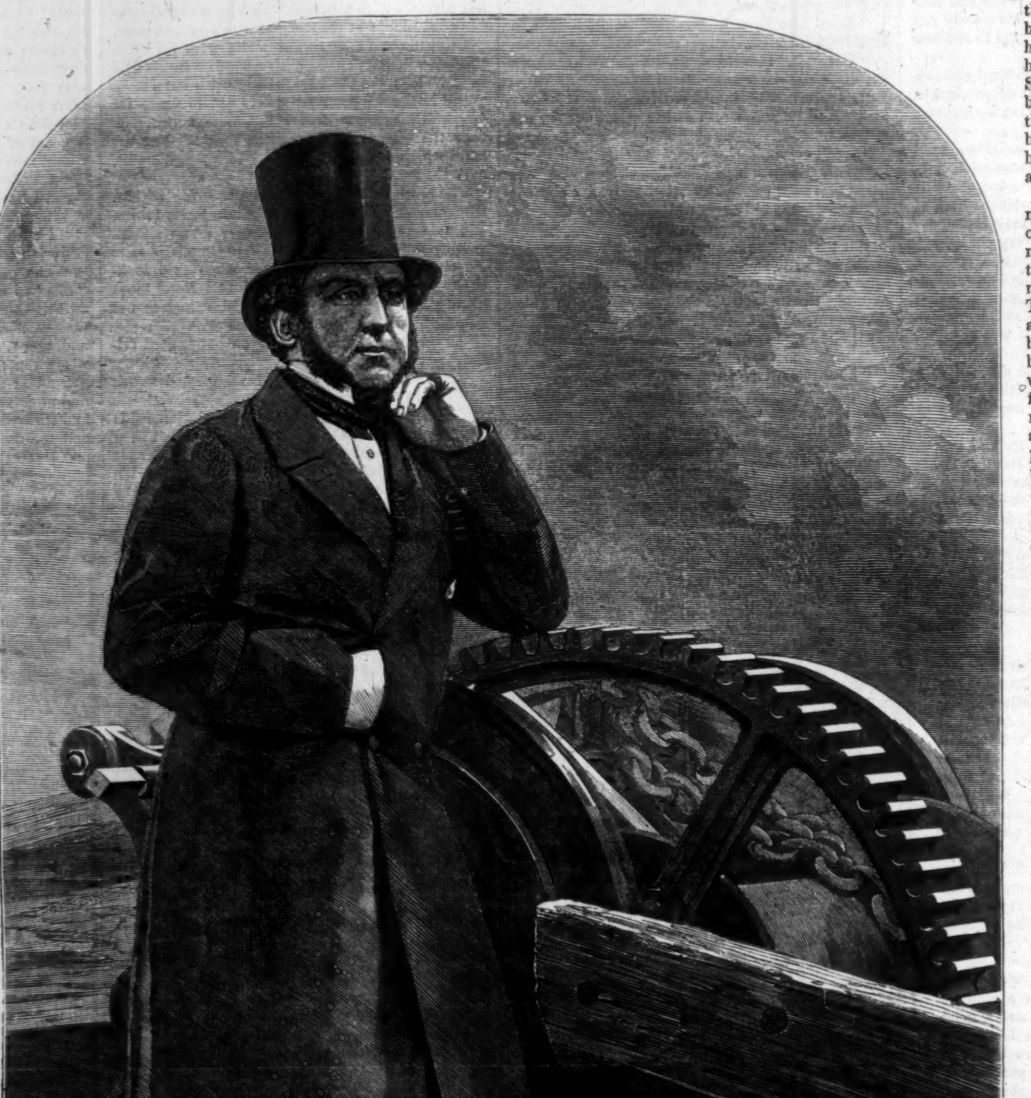
"Gone! How long?"

"Scarce five minutes. Cursed chance!"

CAPT. HARRISON, COMMANDER OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

In a few days, God willing, the *Great Eastern* will be among us. Her commander, Captain Harrison, will be an object of general curiosity. Our readers will be glad to be introduced to him in advance.

Many of them are acquainted with him as the commanding officer of the Cunard steamers *Africa, America, Cambria, Hibernia*, etc. He is an old sailor. An Englishman by birth, and probably about forty-eight years of age, he left his home when a very young boy to go to sea. After a voyage or two, his friends, finding the propensity irresistible, regularly apprenticed him, and sent him to sea under proper auspices. But it is recorded of young Harrison that he had a natural and irrepressible tendency rather to command than to obey; before his apprenticeship ended he had severed the bonds which attached him to his owners, and was in command of a vessel on his own hook. For many years he was known throughout the East Indies and South America as an adventurous yet a safe captain; and though he frequently commanded ships engaged more or less directly in the wars prevailing in South America, and more than once had to fight his way out of or into port through hostile squadrons, it was remarked of him that his fighting qualities never interfered with his mercantile instincts, and that, whatever happened to the enemy's ships, his cargo was always kept dry, and his insurance policies were never voided.



CAPTAIN HARRISON, OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

Nearly twenty years ago, when the Cunard Company began to aspire to the control of travel on the Atlantic, their managers—shrewd, sagacious men—began to pick up, from right and left, the best sailors they could find to command their vessels. They had, even at that early day, resolved upon the wise policy they now pursue, viz., training their officers from the forecastle; but in the mean time, as it takes many years to breed a first sea-captain, they gladly welcomed the cream and essence of other systems, and it was thus that they enlisted Captain Harrison. For fifteen years he remained in their service; during which time he commanded some of the finest vessels they had. It is said that he has crossed the Atlantic over 180 times. He himself observed to a friend: "I counted my voyages up to 157, and then I stopped."

An English biographer tells the following story, which illustrates his presence of mind and rapid thought in emergencies:

"Leaving New York once after the prevalence of heavy southwest gales, which had silted up the bar to the extent of a foot or two, and the *Africa*, of which ship he was then in command, being very deeply laden, the vessel touched the bar as she was passing over it. The pilot in charge called out instantly to "Stop her." Our readers should be at once nautical men and commercial men to appreciate fully the nature of the calculations which in one second of time it was necessary for the captain to make. They may be explained as something of this kind: 'We are on the bar now, and if we stop, the chances are a hundred to one that the ship is a total wreck in a few hours, but all the insurances will be safe; on the other hand, if I jam her across I shall save the ship, but by taking her out of the pilot's hands shall avoid the insurances.' The result was, that within a tenth of the time occupied in writing the above these calculations had been all made, and 'Go on ahead, full speed!' was the order. The ship touched twice more, but was brought safely across, and came into port strong and sound."

In the month of November, 1855, Captain Harrison left the employ of the Cunard Company to enter that of the Company owning the *Great Eastern*, and from that time to this he has been unceasingly engaged in superintending the "Great Ship." It is said that his labors in this connection have been more severe than he had ever previously performed.

Captain Harrison will be welcomed as an old friend when he comes here.

MARRIAGE.

Who marry as they choose, and choose
  Not as they ought, they mock the priest;
And, leaving out obedience, lose
  The finest flavor of the feast.

Till Eve was brought to Adam, he
  A solitary desert trod,
Though in the great society
  Of Nature, Angels, and of God.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IV.

CALM IN STORM.

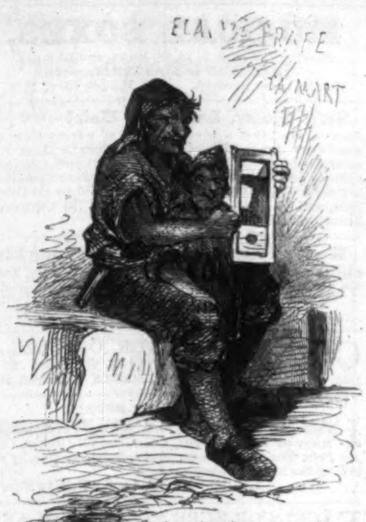
Doctor Manette did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed from her that not until long afterward, when France and she were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenseless prisoners, of both sexes and all ages, had been killed by the populace; that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror; and that the air around her had been tainted by the slain. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prisons, that all political prisoners had been in danger, and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered.

To Mr. Lorry the Doctor communicated, under an injunction of secrecy, on which he had no need to dwell, that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That, in the prison he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and an unaccused prisoner in the Bastile. That, one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him; and that this man was Defarge.

That, hereupon he had ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners, and had pleaded hard to the Tribunal—of whom some members were asleep and some awake, some dirty with murder and some clean, some sober and some not—for his life and liberty. That, in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless Court, and examined. That, he seemed on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favor met with some unexplained check (not intelligible to the Doctor), which led to a few words of secret conference. That, the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held inviolate in safe custody. That, immediately, on a signal, the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again; but that he, the Doctor, had then so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law was, through no malice or mischance, delivered to the concourse whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained the permission, and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

The sights he had seen there, with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals, shall remain untold. The mad joy over the prisoners who were saved had astounded him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against those who were cut to pieces. One prisoner there was, he said, who had been discharged into the street free, but at whom a mistaken savage had thrust a pike as he passed out. Being besought to go to him and dress the wound, the Doctor had passed out at the same gate, and had found him in the arms of a company of Samaritans, who were seated on the bodies of their victims. With an inconsistency as monstrous as any thing in this awful nightmare, they had helped the healer, and tended the wounded man with the gentlest solicitude—had made a litter for him, and escorted him carefully from the spot—had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful, that the Doctor had covered his eyes with his hands, and swooned away in the midst of it.

As Mr. Lorry received these confidences, and as he watched the face of his friend, now sixty-two years of age, a misgiving arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But he had never seen his friend in his present aspect; he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the Doctor felt now that his suffering was strength and power. For the first time he felt



that in that sharp fire he had slowly forged the iron which could break the prison door of his daughter's husband, and deliver him. "It all tended to a good end, my friend; it was not mere waste and ruin. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself, I will be helpful now in restoring the dearest part of herself to her; by the aid of Heaven I will do it!" Thus Doctor Manette. And when Jarvis Lorry saw the kindled eyes, the resolute face, the calm strong look and bearing of the man whose life always seemed to him to have been stopped, like a clock, for so many years, and then set going again with an energy which had lain dormant during the cessation of its usefulness, he believed.

Greater things than the Doctor had at that time to contend with would have yielded before his persevering purpose. While he kept himself in his place, as a physician whose business was with all degrees of mankind, bond and free, rich and poor, bad and good, he used his personal influence so wisely that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, and among them of La Force. He could now assure Lucie that her husband was no longer confined alone, but was mixed with the general body of prisoners; he saw her husband weekly, and brought sweet messages to her straight from his lips; sometimes her husband himself sent a letter to her (though never by the Doctor's hand), but she was not permitted to write to him; for among the many wild suspicions of plots in the prisons, the wildest of all pointed at emigrants who were known to have made friends or permanent connections abroad.

This new life of the Doctor's was an anxious life, no doubt; still the sagacious Mr. Lorry saw that there was a new sustaining pride in it. Nothing unbecoming tinged the pride; it was a natural and worthy one; but he observed it as a curiosity. The Doctor knew that up to that time his imprisonment had been associated in the minds of his daughter and his friend with his personal affliction, deprivation, and weakness. Now that this was changed, and he knew himself to be invested through that old trial with forces to which they both looked for Charles's ultimate safety and deliverance, he became so far exalted by the change, that he took the lead and direction, and required them, as the weak, to trust to him as the strong. The preceding relative positions of himself and Lucie were reversed, yet only as the liveliest gratitude and affection could reverse them, for he could have had no pride but in rendering some service to her who had rendered so much to him. "All curious to see," thought Mr. Lorry, in his amiably shrewd way, "but all natural and right; so take the lead, my dear friend, and keep it; it couldn't be in better hands."

But though the Doctor tried hard, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new Era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared for victory or death against the world in arms; the black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre-Dame; three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France, as if the dragons' teeth had been sown broadcast, and had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, on rock in gravel and alluvial mud, under the bright sky of the South and under the clouds of the North, in fell and forest, in the vineyards and the olive-grounds and among the cropped grass and the stubble of the corn, along the fruitful banks of the broad rivers, and in the sand of the seashore. What private solicitude could rear itself against the deluge of the Year One of Liberty—the deluge rising from below, not falling from above, and with the windows of Heaven shut, not opened!

There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though days and nights circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and the morning were the first day, other count of time there was none. Hold of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation, as it is in the fever of one patient. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the king—and now it seemed almost in the same breath, the head of his fair wife which had had eight weary months of imprisoned widowhood and misery to turn it gray.

And yet, observing the strange law of contradiction which obtains in all such cases, the time was long, while it flamed by so fast. A revolutionary tribunal in the capital, and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land; a law of the Suspected, which struck away all security for liberty or life, and delivered over any good and innocent person to any bad and guilty one; prisons gorged with people who had committed no offense, and could obtain no hearing; these things became the established order and nature of appointed things, and seemed to be ancient usage before there were many weeks old. Above all, one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine.

It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented hair from turning gray, it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion: who kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied.

It sheared off heads so many that it, and the ground it most polluted, were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces, like a toy-puzzle for a young Devil, and was put together again where the occasion wanted it. It hushed the eloquent, struck down the powerful, abolished the beautiful and good. Twenty-two friends of high public mark, twenty-one living and one dead, it had lopped the heads off, in one morning, in as many minutes. The name of the strong man of Old Scripture had descended to the chief functionary who worked it; but so armed, he was stronger than his namesake, and blinder, and tore away the gates of God's own Temple every day.

Among these terrors, and the brood belonging to them, the Doctor walked with a steady head: confident in his power, cautiously persistent in his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last. Yet the current of the time swept by so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles had lain in prison one year and three months when the Doctor was thus steady and confident. So much more wicked and distracted had the Revolution grown in that December month that the rivers of the South were encumbered with the bodies of the violently drowned by night, and prisoners were shot in lines and squares under the southern wintry sun. Still, the Doctor walked among the terrors with a steady head. No man better known than he in Paris at that day; no man in a stranger situation. Silent, humane, indispensable in hospital and prison, using his art equally among assassins and victims, he was a man apart. In the exercise of his skill the appearance and the story of the Bastile Captive removed him from all other men. He was not suspected or brought in question any more than if he had indeed been recalled to life some eighteen years before, or were a Spirit moving among mortals.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOOD-SAWYER.

One year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the Guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day, through the stony streets, the tumbrils now jolted heavily, filled with Condemned. Lovely girls; bright women, brown-haired, black-haired, and gray; youths; stalwart men and old; gentle born and peasant born; all red wine for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons, and carried to her through the streets to slake her devouring thirst. Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death—the last much the easiest to bestow, O Guillotine!

If the suddenness of her calamity and the whirling wheels of the time had stunned the Doctor's daughter into awaiting the result in idle despair, it would not have been with her as it was with many. But from the hour when she had taken the white head to her fresh young bosom in the garret of Saint Antoine she had been true to her duties. She was truest to them in the season of trial, as all the quietly loyal and good will always be.

As soon as they were established in their new residence, and her father had entered on the routine of his avocations, she arranged the little household as exactly as if her husband had been there. Every thing had its appointed place and its appointed time. Little Lucie she taught as regularly as if they had all been united in their English home. The slight devices with which she cheated herself into the show of a belief that they would soon be reunited—the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chair and his books—these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner especially, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death—were almost the only outspoken reliefs of her heavy mind.

She did not greatly alter in appearance. The plain dark dresses, akin to mourning dresses, which she and her child wore, were as neat and as well attended to as the brighter clothes of happy days. She lost her color, and the old intent expression was a constant, not an occasional, thing; otherwise, she remained very pretty and comely. Sometimes, at night, on kissing her father, she would burst into the grief she had repressed all day, and would say that her sole reliance, under Heaven, was on him. He always resolutely answered, "Nothing can happen to him without my knowledge, and I know that I can save him, Lucie."

They had not made the round of their changed life many weeks, when her father said to her, on coming home one evening:

"My dear, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can sometimes gain access at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it—which depends on many uncertainties and incidents—he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child; and even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition."

"Oh show me the place, my father, and I will go there every day!"

From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two she was there, and at four she turned resignedly away. When it was not too wet or inclement for her child to be with her, they went together; at other times she was alone; but she never missed a single day.

It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning was the only house at that end; all else was wall. On the third day of her being there he noticed her.

"Good-day, citizeness."

"Good-day, citizen."

This mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It had been established voluntarily some time ago, among the more thorough patriots; but was now law for every body.

"Walking here again, citizeness?"

"You see me, citizen!"

The wood-sawyer, who was a little man with a redundancy of gesture (he had once been a mender of roads), cast a glance at the prison, pointed at the prison, and putting his ten fingers before his face to represent bars, peeped through them jocosely.

"But it's not my business," said he, and went on sawing his wood.

Next day he was looking out for her, and accosted her the moment she appeared.

"What! walking here again, citizeness?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Ah! a child too! Your mother, is it not, my little citizeness?"

"Do I say yes, mamma?" whispered little Lucie, drawing close to her.

"Yes, dearest."

"Yes, citizen."

"Ah! But it's not my business. My work is my business. See my saw! I call it my Little Guillotine. La, la, la; La, la, la! And off his head comes!"

The billet fell as he spoke, and he threw it into a basket.

"I call myself the Samson of the fire-wood guillotine. See here again! Loo, loo, loo; Loo, loo, loo! And off *her* head comes! Now, a child. Tickle, tickle; Pickle, pickle! And off *its* head comes. All the family!"

Lucie shuddered as he threw two more billets into his basket; but it was impossible to be there while the wood-sawyer was at work and not be in his sight. Thenceforth, to secure his good-will, she always spoke to him first, and often gave him drink-money, which he readily received.

He was an inquisitive fellow, and sometimes when she had quite forgotten him in gazing at the prison roofs and grates, and in lifting her heart up to her husband, she would come to herself to find him looking at her, with his knee on his bench and his saw stopped in its work. "But it's not my business!" he would generally say at those times, and would briskly fall to his sawing again.

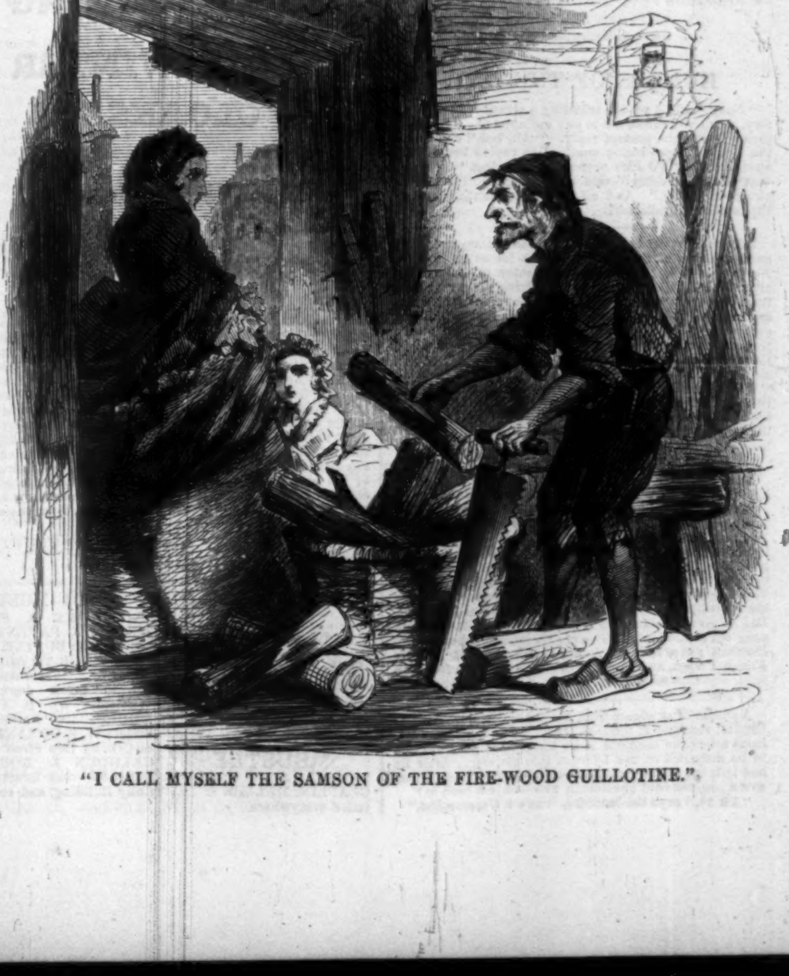
In all weathers, in the snow and frost of winter, in the bitter winds of spring, in the hot sunshine of summer, in the rains of autumn, and again in the snow and frost of winter, Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place; and every day, on leaving it, she kissed the prison wall. Her husband saw her (so she learned from her father) it might be once in five or six times: it might be twice or thrice running: it might be not for a week or a fortnight together. It was enough that he could and did see her when the chances served, and on that possibility she would have waited out the day, seven days a week.

These occupations brought her round to the December month, wherein her father walked among the terrors with a steady head. On a lightly-snowing afternoon she arrived at the usual corner. It was a day of some wild rejoicing and a festival. She had seen the houses, as she came along, decorated with little pikes, and with little red caps stuck upon them; also, with tricolored ribbons; also, with the standard inscription (tricolored letters were the favorite), Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!

The miserable shop of the wood-sawyer was so small that its whole surface furnished very indifferent space for this legend. He had got somebody to scrawl it up for him, however, who had squeezed Death in with most inappropriate difficulty. On his house-top he displayed pike and cap, as a good citizen must, and in a window he had stationed his saw, inscribed as his "Little Sainte Guillotine"—for the great sharp female was by that time popularly canonized. His shop was shut and he was not there, which was a relief to Lucie and left her quite alone.

But he was not far off, for presently she heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming along which filled her with fear. A moment afterward, and a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer hand-in-hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as hazard had brought them together. At first they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woolen rags; but as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's hands, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together: then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out the time afresh, formed into lines the width of the public way, and, with their heads low down and their hands high up, swooped screaming off. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport—a something once innocent delivered over to all devilry—a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses, and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maidenly bosom bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed time.

This was the Carmagnole. As it passed,



"I CALL MYSELF THE SAMSON OF THE FIRE-WOOD GUILLOTINE."

leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the door-way of the wood-sawyer's house, the feathery snow fell as quietly and lay as white and soft as if it had never been.

"Oh, my father!" for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she had momentarily darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad sight!"

"I know, my dear, I know. I have seen it many times. Don't be frightened! Not one of them would harm you."

"I am not frightened for myself, my father. But when I think of my husband, and the mercies of these people—"

"We will set him above their mercies very soon. I left him climbing to the window, and I came to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hand toward that highest shelving roof."

"I do so, father, and I send him my Soul with it!"

"You can not see him, my poor dear?"

"No, father," said Lucie, yearning and weeping as she kissed her hand, "no."

A footstep in the snow. Madame Defarge. "I salute you, citizeness," from the Doctor. "I salute you, citizen." This in passing. Nothing more. Madame Defarge gone, like a shadow over the white road.

"Give me your arm, my love. Pass from here with an air of cheerfulness and courage, for his sake. That was well done"—they had left the spot—"it shall not be in vain. Charles is summoned for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow!"

"There is no time to lose. I am well prepared, but there are precautions to be taken that could not be taken until he was actually summoned before the Tribunal. He has not received the notice yet, but I know that he will presently be summoned for to-morrow, and removed to the Conciergerie; I have timely information. You are not afraid?"

She could scarcely answer, "I trust in you."

"Do so, implicitly. Your suspense is nearly ended, my darling; he shall be restored to you within a few hours; I have encompassed him with every protection. I must see Lorry."

He stopped. There was a heavy lumbering of wheels within hearing. They both knew too well what it meant. One. Two. Three. Three tumbrils faring away with their dread loads over the hushing snow.

"I must see Lorry," the Doctor repeated, turning her another way.

The stanch old gentleman was still in his trust; had never left it. He and his books were in frequent requisition as to property confiscated and made national. What he could save for the owners he saved. No better man living to hold fast by what Tellson's had in keeping, and to hold his peace.

A murky red and yellow sky, and a rising mist from the Seine, denoted the approach of darkness. It was almost dark when they arrived at the Bank. "House! The law smites you!" had been officially said to the stately residence of Monseigneur; and under the little hammer that had struck in that name it had opened and begun to fall asunder. The costly fittings were all removed, the windows were gone, and the great staircase was being packed off piecemeal. Above the heap of dust and ashes in the court ran the letters: National Property. Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

Who could that be with Mr. Lorry—the owner of the riding-coat upon the chair—who must not be seen? From whom newly arrived did he come out, agitated and surprised, to take his favorite in his arms? To whom did he appear to repeat her faltering words, when, raising his voice and turning his head toward the door of the room from which he had issued, he said: "Removed to the Conciergerie, and summoned for to-morrow?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Pray," said a youth, accosting a stranger in a cemetery, "can you direct me to any epitaphs?" "Oh, yes, plenty!" was the prompt reply. "Ah, but," continued the lad, "I mean comic ones! I've copied two serious ones, and now I'd like something amusing." "Well, that's another thing!" said the stranger. "But come along—we'll try." And off they went, hunting among the tombs for drolleries!

* * *

Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fire-place it was found necessary to remove the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished every body. A brace of decanters, a tumbler, and a pitcher were cozily reposing there as if they had stood there from the beginning. The Deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles, he exclaimed, "Wa'al, I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must be that old Bains left them when he went out of this 'ere house thirty years ago." "Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter; "but, Deacon, the ice in the pitcher must have been friz mighty hard to stay all this time."

* * *

A very popular preacher harangued his hearers on the importance of perseverance and fortitude. He said:

"You that are in the church members must not look back upon Babylon (Sodom) like Paul's wife (Lot's) done! You may be a *heap* better than the world's people! Religion is like a battle, and Satan *are* strong! He hates good men, and wants to kill them at *wonst!* In short, my dearly beloved hearers, you must do like General Washington *done* at the battle of Waterloo. In the *skirmage* his horse was killed by a British cannon-ball. Did he give up his sword to the enemy? Not he! He sung out at the top of his voice, 'A horse! a horse! my *kingdom* for a horse!' A horse was brought him by *Frank Marion*, and he drove the bloody British from the field, and thus secured the liberty of South Carolina!"

* * *

A couple of strangers from Binghampton were over at Elmira, stopping at the —— Hotel, when one of the citizens asked the landlord if he knew what question was to be *disgusted* at the Lyceum this evening. After he had left, one of the strangers inquired of Boniface if that was a *professional* gentleman who had just been in?

"Oh no," says the landlord, "he's a *Universalist*."

* * *

A lady in Nashville, on mercy bent, was making a visit to the Penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards. In one room she saw three women engaged in sewing, and turning to the keeper, who was showing her about, said to him, in an undertone:

"Dear me! the viciousest-looking women I ever saw in my life! What were they put in here for?"

"They are here," he replied, "because I am here; they are my wife and daughters, madam!"

But madam was traveling out as fast as possible.

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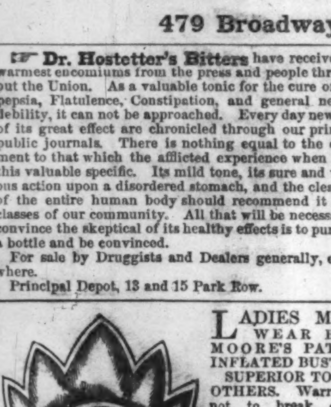

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